The Children's Own Story Book

Norma Bright Carson

and

Florence E. Bright

Class PZ7

Book .C242
C

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE CHILDREN'S OWN STORY BOOK

The Children's Own Story Book

By
Norma Bright Carson
and
Florence E. Bright

Illustrated by
Hazeltine Sewsmith

The Reilly & Britton Co.
Chicago

PZ7
.C242
C

Copyright, 1916
by
The Reilly & Britton Co.

$1 00

AUG 31 1916

©Cl. A 438193

no. 1.

To
Robert and Dorothy

CONTENTS

Who the Greek Gods Were..... 17
King Alfred the Great..... 19
A Trot Through the Woods..... 21
July..... 24
Zeus Rewards Kindness..... 25
August..... 27
When the Sea-Fairies Frolic..... 28
Little Children of the Wigwam..... 30
King Canute..... 31
"For the Fairest"..... 33
September..... 36
Edward the Confessor..... 37
The Children of Charles I..... 39
The Fall of Troy..... 41
William of Normandy..... 43
Little Cherry-Blossom Friends..... 44
October..... 45
The Story of the Pumpkin..... 46
How Phaeton Drove the Sun Chariot..... 49
The Princes in the Tower..... 52
Richard the Lion-Hearted..... 53
November..... 54
How Thanksgiving Day Began..... 55
How Christmas Is Celebrated..... 57
How Pluto Kidnapped Proserpine..... 60
The Songs of a Blind Poet..... 62
King John..... 63
Arachne the Weaver..... 65
Eskimo Children..... 68
January..... 69
Finding the Body of Harold..... 70

Robert the Bruce 72
Romulus 74
A Winter Adventure 76
Cadmus the Dragon Slayer 81
George Washington 84
Abraham Lincoln 86
Saint Valentine's Day 88
The Black Prince 89
Virgil 92
The Death of Nelson 94
A Bird Story 96
Prometheus and Pandora 97
Henry the Eighth 101
St. Patrick's Day 102
Dante 104
Themistocles 106
The Little Match Girl 109
When March Winds Blow 112
Pygmalion and Galatea 113
April 115
Geoffrey Chaucer 116
Edmund Spenser 118
Lady Jane Gray 120
Spring Is Here ! 122
Master Will Shakespeare and Stratford-on-Avon 125
Orpheus and Eurydice 129
St. Augustine, Florida 132
Memorial Day 136
Hansel and Gretel 138
Elizabeth, Queen of England 142
Niobe 145
Ulysses S. Grant 148
Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp 150
Mary, Queen of Scots 156
The Jolly Month of June 160

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

King Alfred and the Cakes..... 20
Baucis and Philemon Turned Into Trees..... 26
Canute Discards His Crown..... 31
Paris Awards the Apple to Venus..... 34
Edward Wakes to See the Rubber..... 37
The Children of Charles I..... 39
The Horse Made by the Greeks..... 42
Phaeton Approaches His Father's Palace..... 50
The Princes in the Tower..... 52
Puritan Children..... 55
The Christmas "Waits"..... 58
Pluto Carries Proserpine Away..... 60
The Goddess Ceres..... 61
Arachne at Work..... 66
Finding the Body of Harold..... 70
The Wolf Finds Romulus and Remus..... 74
Cadmus Slays the Dragon..... 82
The Black Prince Serves the French King..... 90
The Death of Nelson..... 94
Pandora Lifts the Lid of the Jar..... 98
Prometheus Chained to the Rock..... 99
Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn..... 101
St. Patrick the Shepherd..... 103
Dante and Beatrice..... 104
Pygmalion and Galatea..... 114
Characters From the Canterbury Tales..... 116
The House in Which Shakespeare Was Born..... 125
The Boy Shakespeare..... 126
Shakespeare Courting..... 127
Shakespeare in London..... 127
The Church at Stratford..... 128

Orpheus and Eurydice in Hades..... 131
Ponce de Leon..... 133
Hansel and Gretel in the Witch's House..... 139
Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth..... 142
Niobe Becomes a Mountain Spring..... 146
The Genie of the Lamp..... 153
Mary, Queen of Scots..... 156
Mary, Queen of Scots, Led to Execution..... 158
Edinburgh Castle..... 159

INTRODUCTION

A good story is something more than just a help to while away an idle hour. It ought to mean something. It ought not to be like the man who lived away off from all neighbors, and answered, when he was asked what he did to pass the time: "Oh, sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I jist set." A story should do more than "jist set." It ought to have thoughts.

Now, the really good story isn't any the less enjoyable because it makes you think. If it tells you what other people have said and thought and done, it is teaching you about this good old world in which you live. It is not like a lesson at school that you have to learn by heart; it reaches your heart the first time, and your mind never forgets what your heart tells you.

So it is worth while to read good stories, but, best of all, it is fun. The old myths, the tales that have been handed down for so long that everyone has forgotten just how much is fact and how much only make-believe; the fairy tales that are all "let's pretend"; the true stories of the men and women who have helped make the world a better place to live in; all these belong to each one of us, and whether we know it or not, each goes to make a part of life as we find it.

Christmas Day would still be the birthday of the Christ-Child if you did not know the story of the lowly manger in Bethlehem — but there wouldn't be the same sweet meaning in the day. Fourth of July would still bring its fireworks and gayety if you had never heard of the Liberty Bell—but you wouldn't feel that thrill of pride when the flag is unfurled to the summer breeze.

It all belongs to us all; and the nice thing about it is that taking our share does not rob anyone else.

In this book are not all the good stories—not even all the old Greek and Roman myths. Reading these will make you want more of them, and they are easy to find. You will never tire of the old legends; they have come down through all the ages because there was something in them that would not die. Just so with the men and women whose life stories are told here; they gave something to the world—to you and to me—that will endure forever.

And the lessons they teach—you will never know them as lessons, for a story talks to the heart, and the heart does not study; it only feels. First of all, these are tales to enjoy—and you will enjoy them. You may be sure you will like them better than stories that "jist set."

THE CHILDREN'S OWN STORY BOOK

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

I. WHO THE GREEK GODS WERE

HUNDREDS and hundreds of years ago there was but a handful of people in the world as compared with the number we now have. That was before the great discoverers had made their long voyages across the seas and had found America and other new lands. There was, however, tucked away, down in one corner of Europe, a tiny country. It was called Greece. If you were to go to Greece today, you would find a beautiful land, but the people who live there are, for the most part, very simple and unprogressive. Notwithstanding this, in the early ages this little Greece was the most important country in the world, for it was the centre of all education and learning.

The Greeks did not have one God as we have now. They worshiped a great number of gods and goddesses. They believed that these gods were giant men and women. They thought that a number of them lived on the top of a high mountain there in Greece, called Mount Olympus. From this mountain the gods and the goddesses watched over the people. Sometimes they protected them from harm. Often they caused evil to come upon them.

Every now and then some god or goddess would come down into the world in the form of a man or a woman. Sometimes they would speak to the people through a hole in a rock in a certain place. This was called an "oracle." When anything important was about to happen, the people would go to one of these oracles and would ask questions of the gods.

Up on the mountain, the gods and goddesses lived just like men and women. Of course, everything they had was very lovely. There

was a wonderful garden, through which ran a broad river. The gods and goddesses enjoyed this garden, and passed much of their time with the birds and flowers. They had a king whose name was Zeus. He was also called Jupiter. The Greeks pictured him as a great, tall man, with heavy brows and thick, curly locks. When Jupiter was angry he was supposed to ride through the heavens in a great chariot and to throw from this chariot terrible thunderbolts that would shake the earth. When his eyes flashed there was lightning and the people below knew that in some way the king of the gods had been displeased.

The wife of Jupiter, and the queen of the gods, was Hera, or Juno. She was a wise and motherly woman. She was very proud, but she was much pleasanter than her husband. Jupiter had two brothers. One was Neptune, who ruled over the seas. He traveled in a boat of high waves drawn by a number of sea animals. He made the storms on the ocean, and he was the cause of all the wrecks. The other brother was Pluto, who looked after the world under the ground. Pluto owned all the mines, and the rich ores and jewels that they contained. Jupiter also had a sister, Vesta, who was the goddess of the hearth and looked after the interests of the homes of men.

There was, too, a god of fire, whose name was Vulcan. He was the son of Jupiter and Juno. The Greeks said that he was lame. They called him "the blacksmith of the gods," and believed that he controlled the eruptions of volcanoes.

The god of war, who helped men to win battles, was Mars. He was another son of Jupiter. He spent much of his time down on earth, inspiring the soldiers.

Apollo, the god of the sun, was a brother of Vulcan and Mars. He was skilful with the bow and arrow, and he shot the sunbeams over the world from his chariot of golden fire. He had a twin sister, called Diana, who was the goddess of the moon, and passed her nights hunting through the forests.

There was a goddess of love, who was still another daughter of Jupiter. Her name was Venus. She was wonderfully beautiful. Her

son was a cunning little fellow, known as Cupid, and though he was blind, he was able to shoot arrows from his small bow and pierce with them the hearts of men and women, so that they loved each other.

Jupiter had one more son and one more daughter. The son was Mercury. He was sometimes called Quicksilver, because he could fly so quickly through the air. Mercury carried messages to and from Mount Olympus, and he went about among men a great deal. His sister was Minerva, who was noted for her wisdom. She told men how to act in times of great danger. She also made peace among the gods when they quarreled with one another.

These were not all of the gods and goddesses. They were the ones to whom the people looked most frequently, however. Whatever happened on the earth was in some way ruled over by at least one of them.

The Greeks had many interesting adventures, in all of which some god or goddess had a part. Some of these adventures will be told from month to month.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

I. KING ALFRED THE GREAT

THIS is the story of the first great English king. His name was Alfred and he lived over eleven hundred years ago. At that time the island which is now England and Scotland was a very wild country, filled with uncivilized people. The men were hunters and fighters; they were big, brawny fellows, who knew how to throw a spear but did not know how to read a book. They lived in mud huts and wore skins of animals.

Just as today England has a king, so in those days the people were ruled over by kings, who had full power over their subjects. No one dared disobey them. Often they were cruel, harsh men.

Alfred the Great was not this kind of king. He treated his people justly, and gave them land and wealth in return for their services. He wanted them to be educated and peaceful.

The hardest thing for any man to do is to keep from fighting when he has a good cause to fight for. King Alfred had many chances to go to war with the people around him. It was very much to his credit that he said: "No; we will stay at home and learn a little how to be good." Then he started to build ships which would protect his island from invaders. In this way he began the English navy, which is now the greatest navy in the world.

To educate his people as he wished to do was a hard task. They were completely ignorant and did not even know how to read their own church services. Alfred sought out the few scholars in the kingdom, and together they wrote new services, which the people were taught to read. Alfred also put into English works written by scholars in other countries, so that his subjects might know something more about the world around them.

He tried to help his people to wealth and happiness. In order to do this he had to know them. So he would sometimes dress like a workingman and go into the homes of his subjects, who would not know that he was the king.

There is a tale told of how one day he visited a poor woman in her lowly hut. She was baking cakes, and she told him to watch them while she went to get some fuel. Alfred was thinking so deeply about the problems of his kingdom that he forgot the cakes and they were burned. The woman came back and scolded him soundly. He merely laughed, but he paid her for the spoiled cakes.

All of King Alfred's life proves that he was noble and fine in character. His good disposition and his wisdom helped his people to be better men and women. Any man who lives up to his best will help others to do the same. Therefore, King Alfred is known as the greatest and most splendid of the early English kings.

A Trot Through the Woods

UP bright and early with the sun, the six of us waited impatiently to be off on a day's outing. We were living in the suburbs, and mother had promised to take us for a trip to the country near by.

At last, laden down with good things to eat, we set off.

We walked down the lane from our garden and along the road for a short distance; then entered a field where the tall grass stood high and tickled our chins and noses as we passed along.

"Oh, mother, look! look!" cried Jim. There, right before us, was a big field of beautiful, gleaming yellow. Jim and I ran toward it and found a mass of pretty, large, daisy-like flowers. As mother came up, she stooped to pick a few. "These are the 'black-eyed Susans,' or 'ox-eyed daisies,'" she said. "They are very much like our white daisies, only larger and of a different color."

We each gathered an armful of them, for there were thousands in the field. As we picked, we found a whole company of butterflies were hovering by, lingering about the big yellow flowers and resting with folded wings on the broad petals.

By and by we came to a stream. As we crossed this on a tiny foot-bridge,

Dot exclaimed, "Oh mother, see those queer-looking bugs flying about!" "Yes," mother answered once more; "they are what we used to call 'bad man's needles'—in other terms, 'dragon-flies.' Their bodies are long and thin, while their wings are wide and transparent. You will see many of them, nearly every one different, as we go along, particularly near water, for it is there that the mother lays her eggs."

On the far side of the stream, we came again into a field. It seemed that every step we took was followed by a sharp, clapping sound, which caused us to wonder. Then we saw a number of brown-bodied insects darting hither and thither, and we thought they were grasshoppers until mother explained to us that they were locusts. On closer inspection, we found that the locust has a brown body, with folded wings underneath. These wings are yellow and black. The grasshopper's body is green, and its under wings are gauzy and fine.

"That butterfly which you see over on that tall blade of grass is the 'swallow-tail,' " mother went on to tell us. "Its wings are yellow, dipped in black; with long black tails, which give it its name."

"What are those pretty white flowers?" asked Jack. "Oh, I know, I know!" cried Jim. "They are 'Queen

Anne's lace!' " "Right you are, my boy," said mother. "Their other name is 'wild carrot,' and they do greatly resemble fine old lace."

At last we came to another small stream, with trees overhanging, and here we decided to have our lunch. So we spread out a cloth and unpacked the good things Dinah had given us. We were hungry, and we ate with a good spirit.

When we had finished, Jack and Jim said they were going to walk on a little farther while we girls and mother rested. When they returned they brought the news that the field beyond was covered with cat-tails. So we left mother and Baby Bob under the trees, while Dorothy, Maud and I helped the boys to gather cat-tails. We thought we had made a fortunate find. Maud, however, was to surprise us still more, for, not far away, she discovered a clump of blackberry bushes just filled with ripe berries. With a whoop, Jack and Jim took off their hats and we made short work of trimming the bushes. Then we went back to mother, with our arms full of cat-tails and our lips with blackberry juice; but that made no difference to us. By this time mother's watch declared it to be growing late; so, with our flowers and some of the berries in our lunch baskets, we started for home.

CAN YOU DRAW US ?

JULY

What kind of days, then, does July bring?
Days that are warmer than beautiful Spring—
Long, golden days, with a wonderful sun,
Who splendidly shines till his course is run.

What grows in the fields in bright July?
Wheat and corn and barley and rye.
What lives in the gardens, 'neath skies so blue?
Roses and marigolds; hollyhocks too.

What grows in the hedge where the white roads wind?
Raspberries, currants; the wild rose behind.
What sings in the woods, where the leaves are still?
The robin, the wren, and the whippoorwill.

What murmurs in field and through meadows of green?
The bumblebee and the farmer's machine.
What flies over flowers and sings at night?
Why, butterflies gay and the cricket so bright.

So, days of July are both hot and long,
But still they are days of sunshine and song.

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

II. ZEUS REWARDS KINDNESS

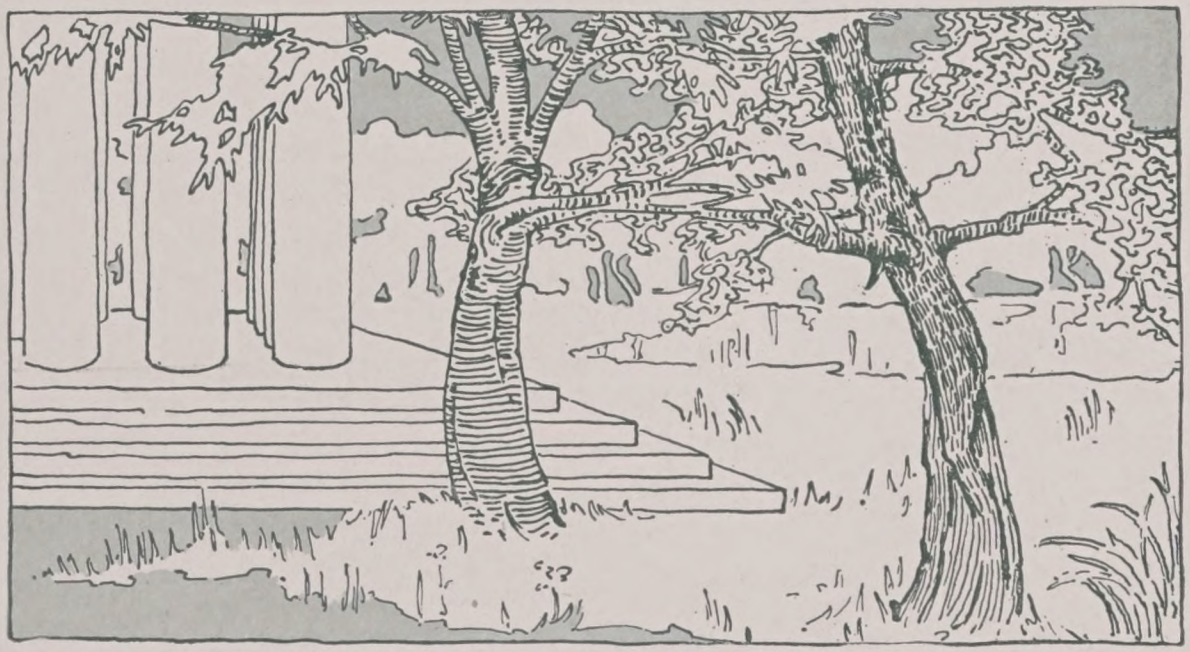
ZEUS, the king of the gods, was angry. For a long time, the people in one of the villages of Greece had been very wicked. They ignored the wishes of the gods entirely. Zeus made up his mind that they must be punished. He determined, however, to give them one last chance to show that they were not all bad. Therefore, he took his son Mercury and together they made a journey to the village. You will recall that Mercury was the messenger of the gods and that he had wings. When he went to the earth with his father he left his wings behind him. They both dressed like ordinary men, in order that no one should know that they were gods.

When they arrived in the village they found the people very inhospitable. They were treated like unwelcome strangers. Their request for food was met with jeers. "Go earn your own food," the people said; "we have none to spare." There was, however, one cottage at the door of which they were received in a more friendly fashion. This was the very modest home of an old man named Philemon, who lived there with his wife Baucis. These two had lived together for years in perfect harmony. They quarreled with no one and gave gladly of what little they had. Early in life these people had decided that in order to be comfortable they must live carefully and without show.

As the two gods came up to the house of Philemon and Baucis they were greeted kindly with "Good day, gentlemen. Will you not come in and rest after your journey?" Zeus and Mercury accepted the invitation and went into the house. Here Baucis the wife placed

chairs for them and set about preparing a meal. No people could have been more friendly to strangers than this quaint old man and woman. Baucis poured out a bowl of clear, warm water and bade them wash off the stains of travel. While they were doing this the elder of the visitors remarked about the seeming selfishness of their neighbors. At this Philemon shook his head sadly and said, "Poor people, they do not know what they are doing. They think only of themselves and of the present. They forget about the time that is to come. They have no thought for the wishes and commands of our gods."

In the meantime Baucis had made, and had set upon the table, a tasty supper. As they sat down she apologized for its scantiness. There was a stew of bacon and fresh green herbs; there were olives



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON TURN INTO TREES

and a queer kind of sour dish made of pickled berries. For dessert there were grapes just picked from the vine. With these things Baucis served a pitcher of wine. Now, wine was very scarce in this house. It shows how much she wanted to honor her guests that she used this precious possession at all. She was even sorry that there was so little of it and hoped that the strangers would forgive her. "Do not apologize, my good woman," said Zeus; "your table looks very inviting." With that he poured himself a generous glass of wine. Moreover, he poured three other glasses and said, "Come, friends, let us drink together; there is plenty for all." Odd as it may seem, with every glass of wine taken from the pitcher there was a double amount left. Philemon and his wife could not believe their eyes as they saw the once half-filled pitcher almost overflowing

with sparkling wine. In the end Jupiter and Mercury had to acknowledge who they were. The two old people humbly fell on their knees and begged forgiveness for offering so little. Then Jupiter replied, "You are good, kindly people, and you shall be rewarded. All the other men and women of this village shall be punished. I shall return to my home in the mountains and shall cause a great flood to come upon this place."

It seemed less than no time before the lake near the village suddenly grew in size. The water became so high that it overflowed the banks and swallowed up all the land and houses around. The people themselves could not escape from the flood, and all of them were drowned. Philemon and Baucis alone did not die, for, as Jupiter had promised, their little house was left untouched. More than this, without warning, the cottage was transformed into a beautiful mansion, full of everything wonderful to look upon. For years afterward the two old people lived in plenty. Often Zeus or Mercury would come to visit them. On one of these occasions Zeus said, "Good people, I wish to do something for you. Name anything you wish, and the wish shall be granted." Then Baucis and Philemon shyly pleaded that they might never be separated from each other. Not long after that Baucis and Philemon noticed on each other little branches, with a few sprouting leaves. They were turning into trees, the two of them. One became a tall oak tree, and the other a linden. In this way Jupiter kept his promise that they should never know the sorrow of parting from each other.

AUGUST

COME with me to the August fields,
Where Summer her harvest of golden grain yields;
Come where the haymakers cheerily sing,
And where the crow flies on velvety wing.

There's a harvest moon in the starry sky,
In its long, broad beams the great moths fly;
There's the toot of an owl in the deep wood's way;
All the night is alive with insects gay.

Come, gather the goldenrod where it gleams,
And make us a posy ring after our dreams.

WHEN THE SEA-FAIRIES FROLIC

WHEN the sun goes low
And the stars ride high,
And the sea roars
restless below;
When the waves make a dash,
Strike the shore with a splash—
Then the fairies wake up
with a sigh.

And they rub their eyes
While their wings they shine,
Then they gather where bright
the sand lies;
Here they dance till the dawn,
Till the stars are all gone;
Of their fun they leave
never a sign.

Now these fairies small
Have some friends, you see,
Who will answer their
slightest call;

For the starfish will ride
With the sand-crab beside,
And the shell-boats will
all laden be.

From a coral strand
The pink rafts will glide,
All their passengers booked
from Fairyland;
And with shouts of glee
O'er a mischievous sea
They will come with
the flowing tide.

In a palace grand
Underneath the light
Of a moon on the
shimmering sand,
There will be a wild dance
As the sea-fairies prance
Till the day-dawn
emerges from night.

LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE WIGWAM

WHO are the "little children of the wigwam"? They are the Indian boys and girls who, hundreds of years ago, lived in the very places where many of us now live. Long before Columbus discovered the land that was called America, these people—the fathers of the wigwam children—hunted and fished and had their feasts and their funerals in the great forests that then covered the land. For there were no cities in those days, and no houses. The people lived in groups in different places, and wandered first here and then there as they wished. When they stayed in a place they set up tents, which were called wigwams.

The children of the wigwams were cunning and fat, just as babies nowadays are when they are healthy. But they were very brown, for the skin of their parents was brown, too. The mother of these babies was not held in reverence by the father, as your mother is held by your father. The wife of the red man, or the "squaw," as she was called, was made to work hard all the time. She had no chance to sit down and cuddle her baby, but she loved the baby as every mother will. She planned as well as she could for his comfort. First, she took a rough board from a tree that had been cut down. On the flat surface of the board she spread soft, long grasses. On this she laid her child. Then she cut straps of the skins of animals, and with these she bound the baby on the board. To the back of this queer carrier she fastened another strong strap, and this strap was long enough that with it she could tie the bundle to a tree or to her back. The baby was called a "papoose."

In some parts of the country the Indians knew enough to raise grain. This was the beginning of American agriculture. It was the Indians who first raised corn, and it was from them that the

white man learned of the grain that is used in such great quantities now.

The boys of the wigwam were lazy like their fathers. They simply told their mothers and sisters what to do and it was done. There was no language among them—only a form of signs. Many of the boys and young men were handsome. Their black hair, their graceful figures and their sharp, dark eyes made them very attractive. The women were not so good-looking; they wore shapeless robes of animal skins and covered themselves with bright beads. The men wore little but skins thrown around them. They, too, liked brilliant colors and painted their faces until sometimes they looked hideous. Some of them wore large bands of feathers around their heads to make them appear more war-like. The Indian was seldom seen without a tomahawk, or ax, and this he would brandish around in his hands to bring terror to those about him.

These then were the people who first lived in America. When the white men came, with their greater civilization and intellects, they gradually drove the "red-skins" into the wide plains of the West. Then the children of the wigwam were taken from their homes in the tents and many of them were sent to schools. Today numbers of these children have grown up to be educated and useful.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

II. KING CANUTE

AFTER the reign of the good King Alfred the land which we now call England fell into the hands of the Danes. These people lived in a small country on the border of the sea. Their land was known as Denmark. The kings of the Danes were not good men. They oppressed their subjects and were continually fighting with everyone around them.

There came at last, however, a better man to be king. His name was Canute, and he was just and sensible and anxious to give his people the help they needed to become prosperous and settled. He was so different from the kings they had known that his subjects almost worshipped him. For King Canute they would have done whatever he asked of them. They believed, too, that he was able to accomplish anything he might set out to do.

It sometimes happens that a man's friends praise him too much. The counsellors of King Canute fell into the habit of flattering him. They kept telling him all the time how wonderful they thought he was. King Canute was too well-balanced to accept all that his friends said as true. Sometimes he grew weary of their flattery

and wished they would let him alone. One day he asked them, "Do you think that all the men in the whole wide world would obey me?" They answered that they were sure that they would. The king smiled and asked: "Do you think that the sea would obey me?" Once more they replied "Yes," that the sea would. Many a man would have been pleased with this response, but not so Canute. He was too great to be deceived by the wish of his followers to keep his favor. He said to them, "If it be true that the sea will obey me, we will prove it. Come down to the seashore with me." Then they made a procession and the king was carried high in a beautifully carved chair. When they reached the edge of the ocean the chair was set down and the men stood around reverently until the king should speak. Canute waited a moment and then he lifted up his voice and cried loudly, "Stop where you are, oh, sea! You waves, come no farther. Throw away your white caps and cease rolling." There was a silence after that. Only, the sea did not stop rolling; the waves came beating in, one after another, and the white caps burst into fine, frothy spray. The king turned to his followers. He was not angry; he knew that not he nor any other man could control the sea. He smiled on those about him. "You see," he said, "my voice is not enough to make the ocean give obedience." Then he took the crown from his head and held it high. He stepped out of his chair into the water. He tossed the crown far from him. "I shall no more wear a crown," he said. "Let this be a lesson to you. There is only one voice with might great enough to bid the sea stay still. That is the voice of the All-Powerful One, who rules over the heavens as well as over the earth. It is to Him that you must bow in worship."

CANUTE DISCARDS HIS CROWN

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

III. "FOR THE FAIREST"

YOU have all heard of the famous walls of Troy. Many years ago Troy was a beautiful city. It was situated in Asia Minor, opposite Greece. Its king was called Priam, and he had one son named Hector and a much younger son who was known as Paris. The daughter of Priam was Cassandra, and she was what in those days they called a seer; in other words, she could look into the future and tell what was going to happen. Now, when the baby prince Paris was born, Cassandra told how that he would one day bring dreadful misfortune to his family. Therefore, instead of bringing the young prince up in the palace, the family sent him away at an early age to live in the country, and as he grew up he was trained to be a shepherd. So Paris wandered over the hillsides of Mount Ida and tended his flocks.

Just about this time all the gods and goddesses of Greece were invited to a wedding. Only one goddess was not asked. This was Discord, and great was her indignation when she found that she was not to be among the wedding-guests.

Discord determined to have her revenge on those who had offended her. On the day of the marriage she hid herself near the place where the feast was to be. While the guests were wandering happily among the groves and enjoying the good things provided for them, Discord crept in among them. Suddenly she lifted up her hand and threw something into the very midst of the assembled company. Everybody clamored for it, and when it was picked up it was found to be an apple, all of gold, and on it were inscribed these words, "For the Fairest."

You can well imagine the excitement that followed. There were many beautiful goddesses present and each thought herself entitled to the prize. After much argument, however, the choice narrowed down to three. These were Juno, the queen of the gods; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, and Venus, the goddess of love. None of these three would consent to give the apple to either of the other two. Finally, some one made the suggestion that the choice be left to a mortal. After more discussion it was decided that the young shepherd known as Paris should say to which goddess the apple should go.

PARIS AWARDS THE APPLE TO VENUS

Thereupon Minerva, Juno and Venus sought out Paris where he tended his sheep, and each made him wonderful promises as to what she would give him should he award the apple to her.

Juno promised to make him wealthy and powerful; Minerva promised him great fame as a warrior; Venus said to him in her most charming way, "If you will give me the apple, I will get for you the most beautiful woman in the world for your wife."

The last promise was too great a temptation for the young shepherd, and he decided that Venus deserved the apple marked "For the Fairest."

In this way a great trouble was brought upon the city of Troy. For the most beautiful woman in the world was Helen, the wife of Menelaus, the King of Sparta. In the years before Helen was married, all the warriors of Greece had tried to win her. When at last she chose Menelaus for her husband, her other suitors took a vow: that should she ever, for any cause, leave Menelaus, they would go anywhere to fight in order to bring her back.

Now when Paris was told by Venus to go to Sparta after Helen, he first went back to Troy. There his family tried to persuade him to remain at home, because they knew that his attempt to win Helen would only mean a war with the Greeks for themselves. But Paris persisted in going his own way.

Arrived in Sparta, Paris was received by Menelaus as an honored guest. But he very ungratefully set about at once to persuade Helen to return to Troy with him. Helen, who was as vain as she was beautiful, was fascinated by the handsome young prince and his eager lovemaking, and soon consented to go away with him.

When Menelaus discovered that his guest had left and that his wife was also gone, he was furious. He called together all his allies. Among these were Ulysses, Achilles and Agamemnon. Somehow the enthusiasm with which these various heroes had promised their aid to Menelaus should Helen not prove faithful had lessened. Ulysses was happily married and had a son. He was not so keen on leaving his home. The father and mother of Achilles did not desire him to go to war at all, and Agamemnon, the King of Mycenæ, was very much occupied with other affairs. However, at the call of Menelaus, they came to Sparta and held a council of war. At this council they decided to take an army to the plains that lay around the city of Troy. Then they would besiege the city, and if they were victorious, the mighty walls of Troy should fall and with them should go down to death the house of Priam and the unfaithful woman who had deserted her husband.

September

IN bright September pile the corn-husks high,
And garner in the pumpkins from the fields;
You will hear the hunters calling, while the hounds nearby,
Seek eagerly the foxes that the thick wood shields.

Somewhere a bird with whistle low,
Makes music in the meadow, growing bare;
While from the stream beyond, the breezes blow
The sound of cows still idly browsing there.

A little while and all the summer sounds—
Bird-songs, and cattle lowing and the huntsmen's shout—
Will not be heard; the call to hounds
Will die away, and silence then will spread about.

So come, enjoy September while we may,
For 'tis a month for gaiety and play!

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

III. EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

AFTER the reign of the wise and good King Canute there were hard and bloody times for the people of England. Canute himself, as you know, had been a strong man, but his kingdom now fell into the hands of his unworthy son, Harold. Harold was not really the heir to the throne, but, taking advantage of the absence of his brother, Hardicanute, he made himself king. When Harold died, Hardicanute came into his own. He was a terrible man, and there are blood-curdling tales told of how he dug up the body of his brother and threw it into a marsh.

EDWARD WAKES TO SEE THE ROBBER

You will remember that Canute was a Dane, who had come from Denmark and had seized the throne from the English king. After the death of Hardicanute the English people felt that they could no longer endure the rule of such bloodthirsty men. So they called to the throne one who came from the ancient line of Alfred. This man was Edward, known in later years as Edward the

Confessor. This title was given him because he made a great pretense of being very devout and of living a holy life. He was totally different from the Danish kings in that he was mild and gentle. He never became violent, and seemed almost like a woman. So peaceful was his reign that the people of that time almost worshiped him, although in later years it was realized that he had in reality been weak and even mean-spirited.

The real ruler of England was Earl Godwin, whose daughter became Edward's wife. Edward did not, however, treat his wife very kindly. He neglected her for his religious duties, and when she displeased him he took away her jewels and shut her up in a convent.

There is a story told of how Edward woke up one night to find a robber in his room. The robber was busy with a treasure chest, and Edward was so easy-going and ready to take the line of least resistance about everything, that he did not disturb the intruder. Instead, he said sleepily, "Take care, you rogue, or my chancellor will catch you and give you a good whipping." The robber never knew that the king had seen him, and so got away with a great deal of gold.

One thing that Edward brought to England was prosperity. He also started to build what is now the famous Westminster Abbey. As he grew older he became less and less kinglike. His health gave way and he was ill for a long time.

Meanwhile, he had quarreled with Earl Godwin and had won the lasting enmity of the man who had been his best friend. When at last he died, the son of Godwin seized the throne and became Harold II.

WHAT CAN WE LEARN ABOUT THIS PICTURE?

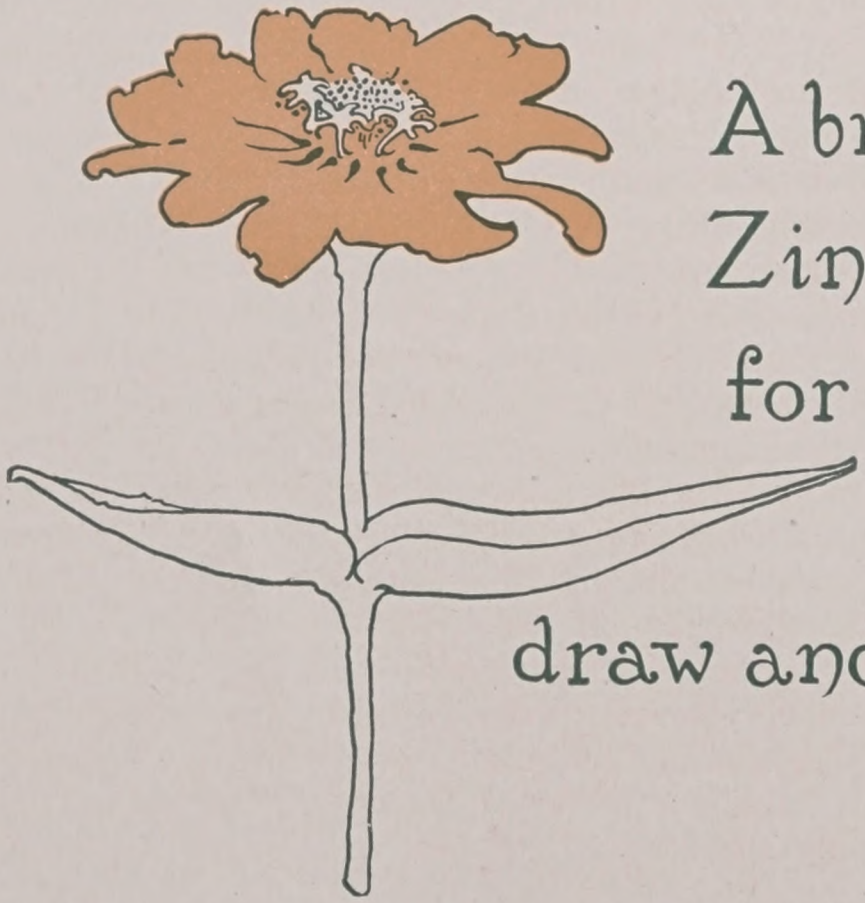
THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.
Painted by Anthony Van Dyck

THERE are three children in the picture, as you see. They are two princes and their sister, and they were the three elder children of a king of England, Charles I, who lived in the seventeenth century. The handsome boy at the left is the heir to his father's throne; he was called the Prince of Wales, and later he became king under the title of Charles II. The baby in the centre is the little Duke of York, James by name, who succeeded Charles II as king and was known as James II. The girl in the picture is the Princess Mary.

While Charles I, the father of these children, was king, a great Civil War broke out in England, under the leadership of a general named Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell defeated the king, and Charles was taken out from his palace and was beheaded. But before matters came to this pass, the king had had the forethought to send his two sons to France. There they were taken care of and were educated. Young Charles tried to get back his father's throne by invading Scotland, but a great battle was fought and Charles had to flee back to France and hide there. Later, things in England settled down, and Charles was asked to come back and be king.

He did not make a very strong king. When he died the whole country was more or less relieved. Then the Duke of York became king, the baby in the picture. As James II, he began to work harm upon everybody not a Catholic in his kingdom. The result of his cruelty was a revolution, and he was forced to go back to France.

In the meantime the Princess Mary had gone to live in Holland, where she married the Prince of Orange. They had a son William, and this William married his cousin, the daughter of James II. When the English people sent James out of the country they invited William of Orange and his wife, Mary, to come to England and rule there. This they did and things went smoothly once more. But you can see how many strange things may happen to boys and girls when they grow up. Neither of the little princes nor their sister realized what sorrows and troubles life had in store for them when the great painter from Flanders, Anthony Van Dyck, was asked to paint their picture. As they stood there in their velvet suits and fine laces they were probably as carefree as you boys and girls are today. You will notice that they had two dogs with them, and I do not doubt but that when Mr. Van Dyck said to them, "You may go; that will do for today," they would take each other by the hands and, calling the dogs, would go scampering across the beautiful lawns at Whitehall Palace, playing at hide-and-seek among the great trees.



A bright Zinnia for you to draw and paint

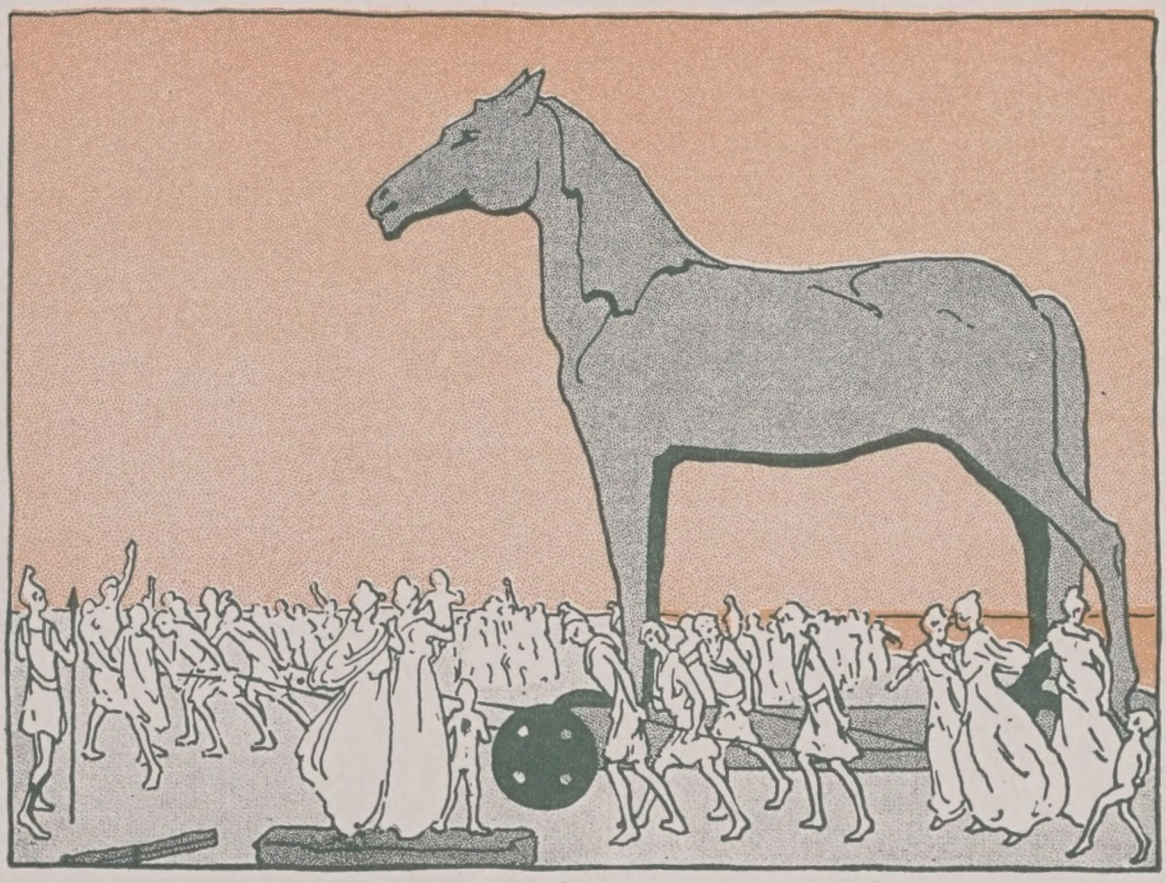
THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

IV. THE FALL OF TROY

AS soon as possible after Paris, the Prince of Troy, had run off with Helen, the wife of Menelaus, the Greek heroes set sail for Troy. For nine long years they besieged the city, but without result. Troy was strongly fortified and her warriors were brave. Her strong walls resisted all the battering rams that the Greeks could place before them. Out on the plains beyond the city pitched battles would take place. There the Greeks had a great encampment, and there the Trojans came to fight the enemy at close range. First to one side and then to the other came a victory; for the gods of Olympus watched over the struggle, and some of them were friendly to the Greeks, while others were on the side of the Trojans.

Among the bravest of the Trojan heroes, and the most favored of the gods, was Hector, the oldest son of King Priam and the brother of Paris. Now, it so happened that Hector, in his single-handed combats with the Greeks, killed Patroclus, the dearest friend of Achilles, the youngest and handsomest of the Greek heroes. Achilles became mad with the rage and sorrow caused by his friend's death and vowed to have the life of Hector. He challenged the Trojan prince to meet him and fight with him, and the gallant Hector accepted the challenge. It was a mighty battle and Achilles won. Not satisfied, however, the enraged Greek tied the body of Hector to the tail of his chariot and dashed madly around the walls of Troy. Then great was the indignation of the Trojans and desperate was their plight, for all loved Hector. After that Troy lost heart, and only the strength of her walls saved her from capture.

In those days, too, the Greeks began to tire of the struggle. Whereupon Ulysses, noted for craft, offered a suggestion. The Greeks were to pretend to give up the siege of the city and to withdraw their ships. Then a great horse was to be built of wood. This they would set up outside the gate of the city. It should be left there, in appearance an offering to the goddess Minerva. As a matter of fact, it should be filled with armed men; and if the Trojans would do as Ulysses expected, they would take the horse into the city, and then the Greeks would come forth.



THE HORSE MADE BY THE GREEKS

Sure enough, when the Trojans saw the Greek ships starting away, they thought that the enemy had given up in despair and departed. They opened wide the gates and poured forth rejoicing. To their astonishment they found the great horse of wood and wondered about it. Some wanted to carry it into the city at once; others were afraid of it. Finally, a Greek was discovered among them. They captured him and, on threat of death, demanded that he tell them what the horse meant. With much whining, he declared it to be an offering to the gods, but, he declared, it had been said among the Greeks that if the Trojans took possession of it calamity would come upon them.

At this the Trojans scoffed, and so the great horse was dragged inside the city. That night the soldiers came forth and opened the gates to the Greeks, who, under cover of darkness, had come back in their boats.

The fall of Troy followed at once. With torches alight, the Greeks set fire to the city. They captured the women of the house of Priam; they killed the feeble old king; they plundered the palaces and carried away all the treasure they could find. Helen was restored to her husband and decided that after all she liked him best. So he took her back to Sparta in his ship and they reigned together for many years. We are not told that she ever regretted the death of Paris, who had yielded so weakly to the promises of the Goddess of Love.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

IV. WILLIAM OF NORMANDY

ONE of the youngest boys in the history of the world to inherit a responsible position was William of Normandy. At the death of his father, when William was but eight years old, he became the Duke of Normandy, a large province in France. This particular duchy had for some time been flinging defiance at Henry, King of France. When William took his place at the head of the Normans, he was grieved at their attitude to the king, and said:

"No longer shall we be at war with our noble king. He is our overlord, and has a right to ask us to obey his laws." When Henry heard of William's decision he was greatly pleased with the boy's wisdom.

In later years the boy's courage grew, and he became one of the most daring men of his time. England was now in the hands of Harold, a weakling, and William believed that he would be far more able to rule the English people than was Harold. Accordingly, he crossed the sea and invaded the kingdom, meeting Harold at Hastings and defeating his army in a great battle. From that time William was proclaimed "the Conqueror."

The time came, however, when the awe felt by the English people for William wore off to some extent and there were those who ventured to protest against the rule of the "stranger." It so happened that in the city of London there lived a young, fair-haired boy of six, Edgar, the heir of King Edward the Confessor. Dissat-

isfied subjects now sought to make the boy king. The plot failed, for no one could withstand William. Edgar was finally brought to the king, who greeted him pleasantly and offered him a home in his own palace. The boy remained for some time, and then started out for Hungary. On his way, he was driven by a storm to Scotland, where Malcolm, the king, greeted him joyously. Malcolm promised to gain the crown of England for him.

Once again an attempt was made, and failed. Then the Scotch king pleaded for Edgar, and William, who liked the lad, gave him a great estate and saw that he was generously provided for.

Although William was accustomed to having his own way, even at the sword's point, he was a kind-hearted man, as was shown by his treatment of Edgar. He ruled England wisely and justly, until the people almost forgot their feeling against him.

Little Cherry-blossom Friends

WHO are the "little Cherry-blossom Friends"? They are the children of the Flower Kingdom, Old Japan, a beautiful land, a land of flowers and rare birds and wonderful fragrance. Each year, at a certain season, it is one mass of blooming cherry trees, and so we call the children of Japan "little Cherry-blossom Friends."

Now, how do these small children live? Not as we do, in houses of brick and wood, but in tiny thatch-roofed huts, many of them built of hardened mud.

Japan is an island, or, rather, it is several islands, lying in a group in the far Pacific Ocean off the coast of Asia. These islands are rocky and sometimes bare, and the people live in constant fear of the eruptions of the great volcanoes. Sacred to the Japanese is the highest of their mountains, Mount Fuji, once a volcano, but now no longer active. In the background of every Japanese picture one sees this cone-shaped peak, capped with snow, and with a thin stream of smoke issuing from its top.

The Japanese people as a race are small; therefore, their children are very small. Quaint, indeed, are these little figures, with their pudgy faces, their long, narrow eyes, and their queer little caps of straight, stiff black hair, for their hair is cut in a strange fashion.

These children do not dress like the children we know. They wear bright-colored, gayly flowered, loose robes, and wooden shoes strapped to their feet. They look like little old men and women.

The children of Japan are, however, active and alert, splendid runners and enthusiastic at their games. They are a happy little people, and love with a very deep affection their land of perfume and flowers.

Nowadays, many Japanese children are sent to England and America to be educated. They learn with unusual quickness. Then they carry their knowledge back to their own land, for they are a loyal little people, and they teach other boys and girls the strange, unusual things that they themselves have learned.

SEE the little squirrels race,
Round and round the tree they chase,
Gathering nuts for winter store,
Till their nests will hold no more.

Now the autumn comes apace,
Brightest hues the woodlands grace;
Under foot the dry leaves sing,
Wide the trees their bare arms fling.

But winds grow chill and skies are gray,
Night creeps quickly o'er the day;
There's a sadness fills the air,
As slips away the summer fair.

NATURE

The Story of the Pumpkin

ONCE in the summer-time there peeped out from among the tall stalks of corn a tiny vine. Little by little it grew, until it bore great, rough leaves. After a short time several thin tendrils began to make their appearance. These clung to the cornstalks and gradually worked their way over to the poles that supported the young lima bean plants.

One morning little Ellen Carter went out into the garden, and there on the pumpkin vine a wee green ball had formed. She ran in to tell her mother all about it. "Just think, mother," she exclaimed, "some day that queer-looking green thing will be a big yellow pumpkin! Do you think it will take very long for it to grow?" "Yes," replied mother; "I am afraid that it will. You cannot count on using it very soon." So, every day, rain or shine, Ellen ran out to the garden to watch the vine. The ball was growing larger and larger each day, but it was still a bright green.

Ellen was a very patient little girl, yet she did find it rather hard to wait. Therefore, when, in early September, the pumpkin showed a faint tinge of yellow, the little girl danced with delight. At first it was only in spots that the gold appeared, but gradually it spread all over the fruit. There it lay in the midst of the green leaves—a big, round, shining yellow mass. When Ellen's

father came home the little girl greeted him at once with: "Oh, father, come look at my pumpkin! I am sure that it must be ready to pick." Mr. Carter came out and, with a sharp thrust of his penknife, cut it off. "Now, little one," he smiled, "what are you going to do with it?" Ellen thought a second. Then she said: "Wouldn't it make a splendid Jack-o'-lantern?" "Indeed it would," agreed her father. "Yes, and I can have a party, and mother can make us pumpkin pie from the insides." So Ellen returned to the house with the large prize in her arms and told her mother all about her plans.

It was October and school had begun, but I fear that Ellen's lessons the following days were somewhat neglected. At recess she asked all her playmates to come to her house on Hallowe'en. The next few days were busy ones. There was popcorn to pop, and cakes and candy to make, for this was to be a real, live party. The day before the eventful occasion, Ellen and several of her dearest friends went out into the woods to gather leaves for decorating the rooms and the table. What a host of gorgeous leaves they found—red and brown and yellow, of all shades and shapes! For it was autumn and the woods were gay with color. Then the children went to find fruit and nuts. Fall grapes were just ripe, and there were still many pears and apples, juicy and delicious. There were also some chestnuts and walnuts to be had for the picking up. Oh,

such a feast! That night was one of the happiest in little Ellen's experience. She and her friends had games of all kinds—fishing for apples in a dishpan; trying to catch with their teeth apples suspended on strings and swinging from the ceiling; running potato races and having a gloriously good time altogether.

Then at last came the good things to eat—and how good they were! There were roasted chestnuts, gingerbread, doughnuts, and all kinds of nuts, with popcorn, cider, fruit, and good old-fashioned molasses candy, to say nothing of cakes, both little and big. The room was beautiful to look upon. Twenty smiling, happy children, with eager, excited eyes, and rosy cheeks flushing with anticipation—they ate with a will and laughed from the depths of their care-free hearts.

At the very end of it all there came a huge pumpkin pie, and then Ellen called to have the lights put out. For just a few minutes there was darkness, and then, behold! two eyes of light, a mouth, a nose—a Jack-o'-lantern came into the room. What a howl of delight went up! Then the lights were turned on again, and there, on a table piled high with autumn leaves and branches, sat a squat, quaint figure—Ellen's yellow pumpkin, cut to Jack-o'-lantern shape. And while "Jack" blinked and winked, the clock struck twelve. "Time for good children to be in bed," said mother. So the party came to an end with a glad hurrah for the yellow pumpkin and a happy Hallowe'en.

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

V. HOW PHAETON DROVE THE SUN CHARIOT

THIS is the story of Phaeton. He was very young and very handsome, the son of the god Apollo and of a mortal maiden. Every day Apollo drove his chariot of fire around the world. In the morning he started from the east and by the time evening came he had reached the extreme west. In this way his chariot, all blazing with light, gave the sun to the world during each day.

Now, Phaeton lived with his mother, on the earth. He knew, however, that his father was one of the immortals. He boasted of this to his school-friends. They scoffed at him and bade him prove to them that what he said was true. Phaeton was very much worried, so one day he went to his mother and asked her, "Am I not the son of an immortal?" She answered him, "Yes; the great god Apollo is your father." "But," said Phaeton, "what proof have I that this is so? The boys at school plague me, saying that I do not tell the truth. Is there no way by which I can show them that Apollo is really my father?"

Then the mother of Phaeton told him to seek out his father and ask him to tell the truth of the matter. Thereupon, the young boy set out for the palace of the sun-god. After a long journey, which made him very weary, he came in sight of his father's house. It was very wonderful—a great building of gold and jewels that sparkled like a million diamonds. It was set on a slight hill surrounded by great tropical trees and shrubs, and beautiful flowers bloomed everywhere.

Even as Phaeton came up to the palace, he found the light of it so great that he was almost blinded. Within the great hall he found the sun-god, robed in purple and seated on a high throne. Phaeton ran to him at once, and on his knees made supplication. "Oh, Apollo," he cried; "Is it true that you are my father?" Apollo replied, "Yes, my boy, and I am proud of my son." Then he embraced the lad and told him to make any wish he pleased and it would be granted.

Now, Phaeton was very foolish; he thought only of the sensation he would like to create among his schoolmates. Therefore, he begged Apollo that he might be permitted to drive the chariot of the sun for one day. At this request Apollo became very grave. It was the one thing

PHAETON APPROACHES HIS FATHER'S PALACE

that he had not dreamed of his son's asking. He told the boy that he had asked something which it would be very hard for him to do. Never yet had any one, god or man, driven the sun chariot save Apollo himself. Not even Jupiter would have attempted the task. For the horses were very wild and the chariot was one blaze of fire—to drive it was a task that required not only the greatest strength but also the greatest self-control. However, Phaeton persisted in his wish; and his father, rather than break his word, at last consented. It was then growing dawn, so Apollo led his son out to the chariot. Here he ordered the horses harnessed; then

he rubbed Phaeton all over with something that would prevent him from being burned. He told the boy to hold the reins tightly and to keep to the middle course. In this way he hoped that a safe journey could be made.

Up to the seat the handsome boy climbed. Bravely he waved good-bye to his father. Poor Phaeton! Almost before the chariot started he began to grow afraid. The horses pranced madly; it took all his strength to hold them; they realized that it was some one other than their master driving them. They went so fast that it seemed as if they flew. Far below, the world danced crazily away from them. Phaeton had to cling with all his might to the seat for fear he would fall off; nor could he hold himself and guide the horses as well. Very soon the horses went as they wanted to, and then came disaster; for they went too close to the earth. Where they touched a mountain peak it immediately was set on fire. Where they approached the earth, the fields dried up and the grain was withered. The trees were burned black all along the way. Mother Earth was terror-stricken. She cried out to Jupiter, "Why do you burn me? What have I done? Save me, king of the gods, save me!"

Jupiter heard the cry and called the gods together. Apollo was with them and he had to explain what was happening. No one knew just how to stop it all. At last Jupiter hurled a thunderbolt, and the shock of it threw Phaeton from his seat. His body fell into a river below and was quickly carried away. The horses also were startled, and, knowing that their strange driver was gone, quieted down, and started for home more mildly. Apollo rescued them and the chariot before it was too late.

Of Phaeton no one heard again. His young pride had led him to wish to do something for which he was entirely unfitted and his wilfulness prevented him from taking his father's advice. In this way boys and girls defy older people and often suffer accordingly.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER
By Sir John Millais

WHAT CAN WE LEARN ABOUT THIS PICTURE?

ARE these not two beautiful boys? I wonder if you know who they are? The name of the taller one was Edward and he was Prince of Wales, son of the wicked king of England, Edward IV. The smaller boy is Edward's younger brother, who was known as the Duke of York.

When the father of these boys died, after a long life of crime, the little Prince of Wales was proclaimed king. Up to this time the children had lived in the country, but now they were brought to London by the Duke of Gloucester, the brother of the dead king and the uncle of the boys. This uncle pretended to be very kind to his nephews, but in his heart he was determined to become king himself; for if the two boys should die he would be the next heir to the throne.

After the king came to London, the Duke of Gloucester gradually began to take over all the government into his own hands. One day he told the little king that he was to have a new palace. He took him to the dark and ugly Tower of London—which was really a prison—and shut him up there. He pretended to the people that the prince was not all right, and that he, the duke, must be the "Protector" of both the king and the country.

In the meantime, little Richard, the king's brother, was with his mother. Now, the Duke of Gloucester compelled the queen to give up her youngest son too. Then he sent him to the Tower with Edward. Those were long days for the two boys. They had been used to play of all kinds, to horseback riding and walking in the woods about their country home. They grew very tired and very pale in the gray old Tower. More than that, they began to grow afraid, for they knew that their uncle hated them.

Little by little, the people of England almost forgot their boy king. The duke grew more and more powerful. At last he was declared king. Then he went on a journey of triumph through the kingdom, and while he was away he sent orders to the governor of the Tower to kill the two boys. The governor—who loved the lads—would not obey, so the new king sent some one else to do the evil deed. It is supposed that in the night, when the children slept, some one smothered them. Their bodies must have been hidden away, for they were never found. It was years before many of the people even knew that the boys were dead.

The artist who painted the picture was Sir John Millais, an Englishman who lived in the nineteenth century. He imagined the picture, of course, for the little princes lived back in the fifteenth century. However, Sir John knew that they must have been rather lovable boys and his imagination pictured them as we now see them in this portrait. There is a sadness in the faces of the boys that seems to show that they had met with misfortune, and the whole painting carries with it an atmosphere of sorrow and shrinking.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

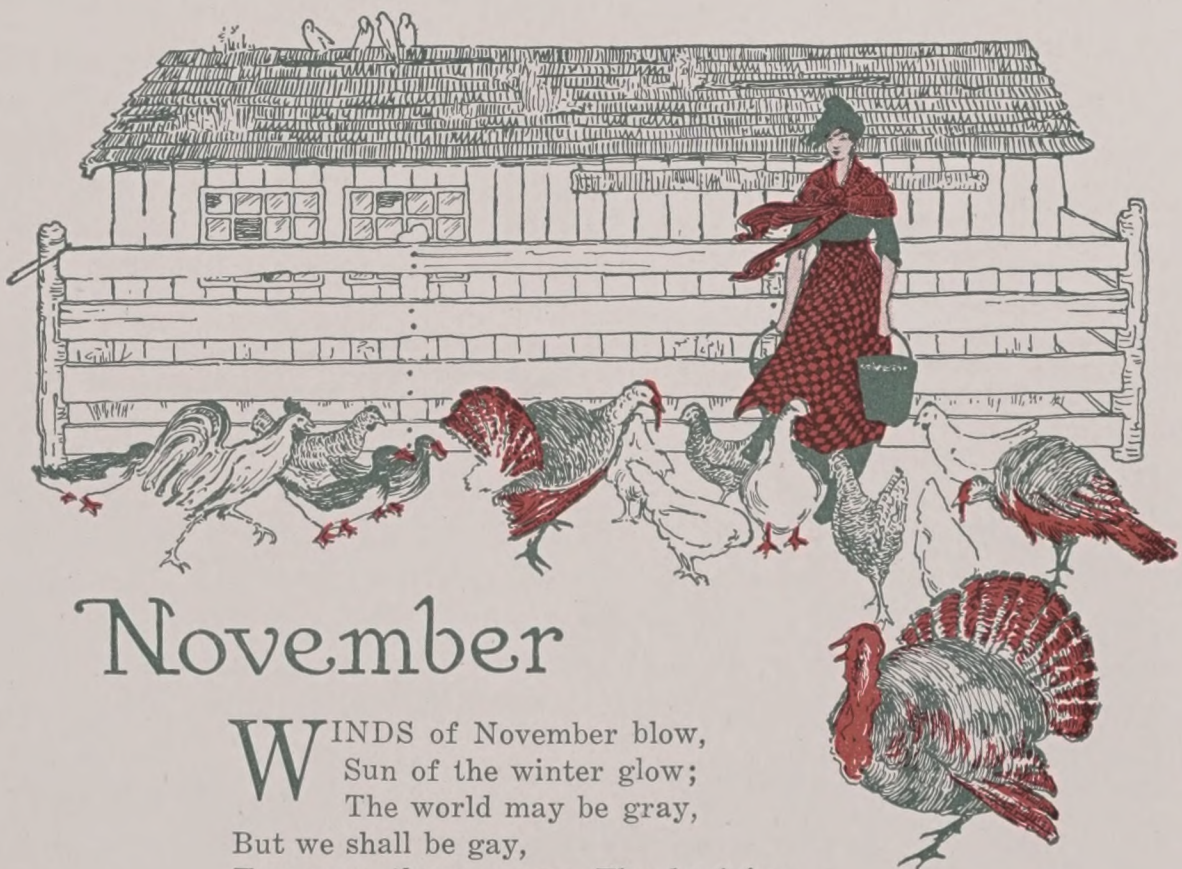
V. RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

MANY centuries ago there lived a brave king in England. Just about that time there swept over the continent of Europe a great wave of religious enthusiasm. There appeared among the people a strange preacher, who called upon them to get up and go to Jerusalem, there to rescue the city for the Christians and to fight a Holy War with those who would not worship the Only and True God.

As you know, Jerusalem was builded by the Jews. It was taken by the Romans hundreds of years later, and later still it fell into the hands of the Turks. Now it was to be captured and all its treasures given into the control of Christian peoples.

Among the first to answer the call to a Holy War was Richard, King of England. He was a brave man and an unselfish man and he sold all that he possessed to raise money for his army. He was also daring and fearless, and he went forth to the war prepared to risk anything.

As a matter of fact, he did risk his kingdom. For he had a bad brother, John, who planned to make himself king in the absence of Richard. John did everything that he could, but the people loved Richard. The news that came of his wonderful deeds among the Crusaders—as those who went to the Holy Land were called—found the English people ready to worship their hero. When, presently, Richard decided to return to England, he was detained by the Emperor of Germany as he passed through that empire, and was held for a huge ransom. John did what he could to have the ransom increased, in order that his brother might not come back; but their mother succeeded in raising the amount needed, the people being willing to pay all kinds of taxes for the sake of freeing Richard. It was, however, only for a little while that King Richard could remain at home. He was a warrior and he was always ready for battle. He won many conquests for his crown and at last died, hero that he was, on a battlefield.



November

WINDS of November blow,
Sun of the winter glow;
The world may be gray,
But we shall be gay,
For now there comes Thanksgiving Day.

In the farmyard near,
The turkeys we hear,
As they clamor for grain
Falling 'round like rain.
Poor turkeys! the purpose of fattening is plain.

But we will not forget
When the feast is all set,
That our heads must be bent
And our hearts all intent
On the goodness that Heaven has sent.

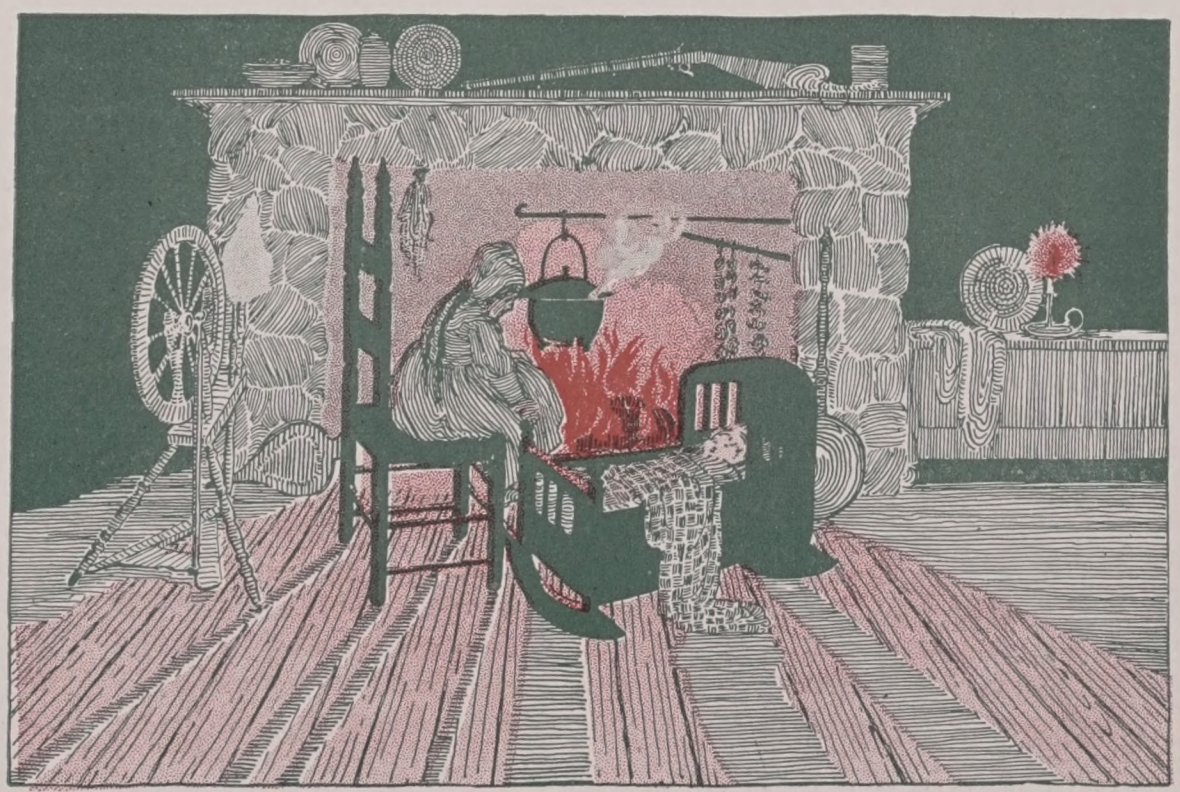
HOW THANKSGIVING DAY BEGAN

ONCE there lived in England a very harsh king. He pretended to be exceedingly good and religious. He declared, however, that all the people in his kingdom must worship in his kind of church, and so he made many bitter enemies. For there were those in his kingdom who did not care for the things that were done in the king's church and preferred to go to a church of their own.

When the king learned that all his subjects were not obeying him, he sent out officers to arrest them. Many of them were thrown into prison and there suffered hardships of every kind.

Just about this time there came news of a strange world over the sea. Already some people had gone to America—as the New World was called—to settle. Therefore, a number of the people, known as "Puritans," who did not agree with the king, set sail on a little boat, "The Mayflower." They knew that there they would be able to worship God as they pleased.

The journey was long and very trying. Many of the Puritans were sick and all were sore at heart and discouraged. At last they reached America, and made a landing at a place they called Plymouth, on the coast of what is now New England.



PURITAN CHILDREN

At once the men set about making shelters. They were very crude, of course; nothing but mud huts, in fact; but they served better than the cold ground. It was, however, an unfortunate time of the year, for autumn had arrived and the weather was cold and damp and generally unpleasant. The sun did not shine and the people had little food.

The winter was especially hard on the women and children. The cold became more intense and the Indians were a constant danger. The men toiled outdoors and the women within, and so passed the slow months away.

Then spring came, beautiful, sunshiny and promising. Now they could begin to plant. Now, too, the red men became a little more friendly. They realized that these people had not come to harm them. So the Indians showed them how to prepare the fields and sow the crops. It was a good summer; things grew quickly and well and soon the land began to produce in plenty. They had great harvests, and when it came to facing another winter it was with a different feeling. It was now that they turned, with thanksgiving in their hearts, to the God who had been so good to them. In the long, hard winter they had prayed faithfully and hoped as well, and now the answer to their prayers was here. God had indeed showed them kindness. What could they do to show Him how grateful they were?

Some one finally proposed that they have a great Thanksgiving Day. So they set a particular day and made preparations. Wives and mothers cooked and baked; nuts were gathered; autumn leaves were brought together in large quantities. The Indians were invited to come and join them, and they, too, brought gifts—of fruit and venison and fish. It was a wonderful time, in which everybody had more than he and she could eat; in which they all danced and frolicked and played games. They were very happy, for their hearts were light and full of joy in things to come. Before the great thanksgiving meal they knelt down and offered prayers of thankfulness to Him who had helped and cared for them. For three days, instead of one, the feasting and rejoicing lasted. Then they put away their gay things and settled down to hard work, while the Indians went back to their own homes.

So was Thanksgiving Day begun. From that time to this, one day each year is set aside to be called Thanksgiving Day and celebrated as such. As the years go on and our country grows, we continue to have even greater things for which to thank God than the Pilgrims had and we should do it all with the same enthusiasm and grateful feeling that they showed on that first day.

HOW CHRISTMAS IS CELEBRATED

IT was hundreds of years ago that the Great Star shone above the hills of Bethlehem. That was a land of cold, blue-black skies and biting winds; but a wonderful warmth spread over the earth when the tiny Baby Jesus lay in the stable at the inn. Once each year since then there dawns a day in every land, when somewhere, somehow, somebody remembers and keeps sacred the birthday of the Christ.

Christmas is a happy day, for when the little Lord Jesus was born he brought love and joy and the promise of a wonderful peace to come. Therefore, when Christmas is celebrated, it is with gladness in the hearts of all those who call themselves Christians.

In different countries, however, people have different ways of showing their joy. Which means that in one country people keep Christmas in one way, while in some other land they keep it in another way.

In ancient England there were many quaint and delightful Christmas customs, some of which have come down to us. For instance, the day was observed with feasting; it was a day of song and general merrymaking. Just as the angels sang of "Peace on earth and good will to men" on that first Christmas day, so it was the custom in England to herald the day with the singing of Christmas carols. Boys and girls, men and women, would lift up their voices on the night before Christmas and sing of the wonderful Child whose birthday was now to be celebrated. Bells would toll forth the glad tidings, while in the great halls where the families of the noble gathered, the Christmas singers would come with their harps, and their sweet voices would send the echoes ringing as they

sang of the shepherds who first heard the news of the coming of the little King, and of the Wise Men who saw the Star in the East and came to worship Him for whom the Star shone.

From the Christmas carol singers came the "waits," street singers who wandered about on Christmas Eve and sang under the windows. Often when the snow was on the ground and the wind was very bitter, their clear voices would ring through the town, and those warm in their houses would open the windows to listen; for this, too, was a way of telling that Christmas was here again.

On Christmas morning all the people would go to church, and there would be the little manger, filled with straw and hay, and

THE CHRISTMAS "WAITS"

sometimes there would be a cow, while in the midst of it all would lie a mother and child to show how it had all happened in reality those many, many years ago.

In France, however, the people think less of the real meaning of Christmas and more of the fun and the feasting.

It is from Germany that the idea of Christmas gifts first came. There, many weeks before the day, each member of the family may be found busy in odd moments making gifts for sisters and brothers, mothers and fathers, and cousins and uncles and aunts. The girls and the women sew and knit; the men carve wood and make furniture and toys. It is in Germany that most of our toys have been made and from there have come the greater number of dolls and carts, horses and china, and all the other beautiful and wonderful things that appear under our Christmas trees.

From Germany, too, came the idea of the Christmas tree and of Santa Claus. For the Germans brought in the beautiful fir trees and fastened all manner of shining and glittering things upon them. Wax tapers, lighted, appeared on the trees, and the gifts were given out by one member of the family. This member presently came to be known as Santa Claus; in fact, he represented the good old St. Nicholas, who is supposed to be the saint most interested in Christmas time.

Our own American Christmas has become a day of gift-giving and feasting. Sometimes we seem to forget that the day has any significance other than as a day for fun and pleasant entertaining. It is, however, only out of hearts warm with love that the real spirit of giving will proceed; and even through all the glitter and shine of the holiday season we see many little acts of kindness and tenderness and generosity that prove to us that the Gift brought by the Babe of Bethlehem has never died, but has grown with the centuries until it influences the whole wide world and all the people.

With each year some new country is added to those wherein Christmas is celebrated, and now we have Christmas in Japan, in China, in India, and even in Africa. The Chinese and the Japanese are beginning to have Christmas trees, and the little people in India are being taught the story of the Star.

VI. HOW PLUTO KIDNAPPED PROSERPINE

ONCE the world was troubled with terrible giants. Some of them had a hundred heads, and they did all kinds of cruel things to the people. Jupiter, the king of the gods, determined to capture them. He buried them under Mount Ætna, but they continued to move around in such a way that the earth was always being rocked and swayed by them.

One day the whole world seemed to shake so violently that Pluto, the god of the underworld, began to fear that his kingdom would be damaged. He at once ordered his great black horses

PLUTO CARRIES PROSERPINE AWAY

hitched to his chariot and, climbing in, he rode up to the surface of the earth through his own private passage.

Now, as Pluto rode, Venus, the goddess of love, chanced to see him. Venus was angry with Pluto, because he would not fall in love with any woman. She called her son, the little Cupid, to her.

"My son," she said, "come, let fly one of your golden darts into the beard of the black Pluto. There is a pretty maiden on the earth,

Proserpine, who will not obey the goddess of love. Let fly a dart at her too, and we shall see what will happen."

Proserpine, you may know, was the daughter of the goddess Ceres, who looked after the flowers and the grain in the fields. At the very time that Venus was speaking this dainty maiden was at play in a valley filled with wild flowers, where she and her little friends were having a gay time.

Cupid, of course, did as his mother told him. His dart struck Pluto square in the breast. At that very moment the king of the underworld passed the place where Proserpine was dancing and saw her at her prettiest. Without stopping to speak a word, Pluto took hold of the girl and, crying to his horses to run faster, carried her away.

Of course, Proserpine cried for help and screamed with all her might, but it was of no use. Pluto sent the horses flying and never stopped until he was once again safe in his own palace under the earth.

The friends of the girl were naturally frightened. They at once hunted up Ceres. They could tell her nothing, however, but that Proserpine had been stolen away by a black-bearded man in a great chariot.

Poor Ceres! She loved her daughter dearly. She set out at once to look for her. All over the earth she traveled, but no one could tell her anything about Proserpine. At last, in despair, Ceres began to blame the Earth. "Ungrateful Earth!" she cried; "I have given you grain in plenty. But you have robbed me of my child, and I will punish you!"

THE GODDESS CERES

Then she caused a drought in the land and there were no more harvests. The poor farmers could not make the grain grow and it looked as if the people would starve.

One day a nymph out of a fountain spoke to Ceres.

"Dear mother of the fields," she said, "not long ago I was down in the underworld. In the palace of Pluto I saw your daughter, who is now Pluto's wife and queen."

Ceres then went to Jupiter and asked him to help her. The best that Jupiter could do was to promise that if Proserpine had taken no food while in the palace of Pluto, he would compel the king of the underworld to release her. He called Mercury to him and told him to go with this message to Pluto. Mercury went and Pluto consented to let Proserpine go. It seemed, however, that while she was there with him, Proserpine had eaten only one thing. That was a part of a pomegranate that Pluto had offered her when she refused to eat. Because of this it was arranged that Proserpine should pass part of her time with her mother in the upper world, and the other part of it with her husband in his kingdom.

The Songs of a Blind Poet

IN far-away Greece, many centuries ago, when there were no books to read, there were what might be called traveling poets. People would gather together in their living-halls, or sometimes in the public market-place, and would listen to these wanderers singing of the glories of Greek history, of the deeds of gods and heroes, and of the rise and fall of Troy with all its tragic events.

These singers earned their living by their songs, for they depended upon what people would give them.

The most important of these wandering poets about whom the world today knows anything was the Greek Homer. We have to guess a good deal about both the man and his life, for nobody has left any very definite information concerning him. We know, however, that he was old when he sang his best songs and that he was blind.

The two greatest poems in the world are supposed to have been composed by Homer. One of these is *The Iliad,* and the other is *The Odyssey*. *The Iliad* tells the whole story of Troy and of the war between the Greek and Trojan heroes. *The Odyssey* gives the adventures of Ulysses after the war was over. You remember that Ulysses was the Greek hero who thought of building the horse by means of which Troy was overcome. Because Ulysses did this, Neptune, the god of the sea, who loved the Trojans, made up his mind to punish him. Therefore, he caused the boat that Ulysses sailed in to be wrecked, and the hero and those with him were forced to wander for many years, here, there and everywhere, before they finally were permitted to reach their homes.

The poet Homer is pictured to us as an old, bearded man, tall and gaunt and blind. He had to have some one to guide him when he walked, and often this would be a young man or a boy who loved to listen to his stories. When Homer stopped to recite his wonderful tales the people who heard him were breathless. All the patriotic feeling in them was stirred, and many a man went out to fight in battle stronger and braver because he had heard old Homer sing.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

VI. KING JOHN

WITH the death of Richard the Lion-hearted, his brother, the wicked John, became the King of England. The people in the land did not love John, for he had shown himself cruel and greedy and as the years went on he became worse instead of better.

John wanted everything for himself. He was not interested in seeing his people prosper. He wished to add to his own wealth in every possible way and so he seized upon the property of his wealthy subjects and took it for his own.

Among those who suffered because of King John's greed was a man who was very rich. For some reason John determined to take from this man all that he possessed. The man who was so unjustly treated became very poor; he had not even a house to shelter him. You can imagine how he hated the king. At once he gathered about him a band of others who had also been badly treated, and they became thieves. He called himself "Robin Hood," and he and his band refused to obey any of the laws of England.

They lived in the thickest parts of the forest and wore green suits and hats, so that they could not easily be seen. England was filled with deep woods in those days and no one could travel any distance without going through long stretches of forest land. Robin Hood and his men would lie in wait for any traveler who showed that he possessed wealth. They would then pounce upon him, taking away whatever he had, sometimes even making him a prisoner until he could get his family or friends to send a large sum of money to pay for their letting him go. The Robin Hood band was so clever that nobody could catch any one of them. They became a terror in the country, and at last the people appealed to King John to capture and get rid of them. The king, however, was helpless, for he could no more find and capture these men than could any one else.

In every way it seemed King John got into trouble. He appointed a man to be Archbishop of Canterbury who was not approved by the Pope at Rome. The Pope sent another man to take his place. John refused to obey the Pope's command and the orders were sent that every church in England should be closed and no services held until the king obeyed. John laughed and thought that the orders would never be carried out. They were, and the people blamed the king.

At last, things grew to be so bad that the people got together and determined that if the king would not be more reasonable they would declare war upon him. Now John began to see that he had gone too far. He wrote a paper, in which he pledged himself to do very differently. He made many fine promises. He called the paper "King John's Charter." In history this document is known as "Magna Charta." On it the English people have based their laws and on it was laid the foundation of English liberty.

It is doubtful if King John ever meant to live up to his charter. Fortunately, he died before it could be put to the test, and, on the whole, his subjects were glad to be rid of him.

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

VII. ARACHNE THE WEAVER

MINERVA, you will remember, was one of the daughters of the god Jupiter. Now, Minerva liked to believe that she could do many wonderful things. She was very proud of her ability, for instance, to weave beautiful fabrics and she did not wish to think that any one else could do this so well.

There was, however, among the people on the earth, a certain charming young girl. Her name was Arachne, and she was known throughout Greece for the fineness of her needlework and the skill with which she could manage a shuttle. The webs that she spun were light as the air and wonderful as the rainbow in their colors. Arachne, too, was proud of her talents.

It was not wise, you know, to displease any of the gods or goddesses. Mortals were not expected to be as clever as the gods. It was therefore very foolish of the girl Arachne to boast of her powers to spin. That was what she did, however, and Minerva heard about it. In fact, when Arachne's friends told her that the goddess Minerva was a wonderful spinner, Arachne laughed and declared that not Minerva herself could spin so beautifully as she.

Thereupon Minerva determined to put Arachne to the test. She sent a messenger to the girl. "Will you enter a spinning contest with the goddess Minerva?" Arachne was asked.

"With Minerva, or with any one else," was the boastful reply.

At this Minerva was indeed angry, but she did not want to be too hard on Arachne. She therefore disguised herself as an old woman and went to visit the young spinner. She watched her at her

work and was amazed at her skill. It was a pity, she thought, to bring misfortune upon this beautiful child. She spoke to Arachne regarding the contest with Minerva. She begged her not to try to excel the goddess in spinning. "Try any mortal," she pleaded, "but do not try to rival a goddess."

When people are young, however, they are daring, and Arachne would not listen to reason.

"If I do better work than Minerva," she said, "I will take the consequences. I do not need your advice. Let Minerva come and we shall see which is the better spinner."

ARACHNE AT WORK

At that Minerva dropped her disguise and responded: "So be it. Minerva is here."

Arachne was now a little frightened, for she realized that she had not spoken respectfully to the goddess. She persisted, however, in her determination to surpass Minerva.

Then the contest began. Each sat before her loom and arranged the threads. A group of nymphs, attendants upon the goddess, stood around watching.

Minerva wove a series of pictures that showed her in various struggles with Neptune, god of the sea. Then she pictured herself punishing those mortals who had dared to defy her. She made her

work an object-lesson to the girl who sat beside her, and who would doubtless suffer through her anxiety to prove herself the better spinner of the two.

The warnings of Minerva had no effect upon Arachne. She went on weaving. Her piece of work showed the gods doing evil things: it expressed Arachne's contempt for the immortals. She could have chosen nothing more dangerous to do. She was so beautiful, however, sitting at her loom, and the work she wrought was so wonderful, that even the goddess herself could not help admiring her.

Notwithstanding, the moment came when Minerva could bear with the girl's defiance no longer. She went over to Arachne's loom and tore away the beautiful web. Then she said to Arachne: "You have tried to put the gods to shame. Now you shall be punished!"

At that she waved her hand and suddenly Arachne drooped. A terrible remorse seemed to fill her; she was an object of shame. With a little cry, she tied herself to the loom and hung there. Very soon she was dead. Minerva felt sorry for her when she saw her thus helpless. She determined to transform her into something living. She waved her hand again over the dead girl, and Arachne's hair fell away. Her body seemed to shrivel and her hands and feet became long legs. She was a spider! In this way Minerva caused Arachne to live again in a different form and to go on spinning. All through the ages since, the spider has woven its webs and has hung by the thread with which it has spun.

ESKIMO CHILDREN

FAR away in the North, at the very top of the earth, live the little Eskimo people. It is a world of ice and snow—a land where it is nearly always winter. For one month in every year the sun shines, and then many beautiful flowers bloom. The sky at this time is filled with wonderful and ever-changing colors, but for the rest of the year everything is as dark as if it were night.

The people who live in this Northland belong to the yellow race, like the Indians, the Chinese and the Japanese. They are called Eskimos and they are very tiny. They dress in the skins of animals, chiefly the seal and the Polar bear. In fact, they wear all the time rich fur stuffs which it would cost us many dollars to buy.

In this land of ice and snow, there is the graceful reindeer. We think of Santa Claus, with his reindeer sleigh, coming out of this wintry, wonderful, white world. It is also the home of the Eskimo dog, that sure-footed runner, which bears the long sleds over great stretches of ice when men travel through the far North.

The Eskimo children are born and live in huts of frozen snow. One small opening makes the door, and a hole in the top lets out the smoke from the fire that warms them and cooks for them. Sometimes there is a window in the hut, with oiled paper instead of glass set in to give a bit of light—when there is any.

Often two or three huts are connected with each other by means of snow passages. These passages are useful when the people are "snowed up" in a great storm.

The fathers of the baby Eskimos go forth in the best weather and kill animals for food. They cut holes in the ice and catch fish. The mothers cook and sew and do rare beadwork, quite as fine as much that is done by our own Indians. There is also a great deal of carving and toymaking done among the Eskimos. This is because they must remain indoors so much.

However, the Eskimo children are sturdy, stout little people, who have a great deal of fun in their snow and ice homes.

JANUARY

JANUARY brings us snow,
Ice and skating--to and fro
Merrily the children go.

January brings us cold,
Jack Frost grows unduly bold;
Watch his wonders now unfold.

January brings us cheer,
Promise of a glad new year;
Ring out the bells both loud and clear,
A bright day-dawn is surely here!

A PICTURE STORY

FINDING THE BODY OF HAROLD

YOU see here a battlefield at night. There has just ended a terrible struggle. William, Duke of Normandy, has fought with the English Harold for possession of the crown of England.

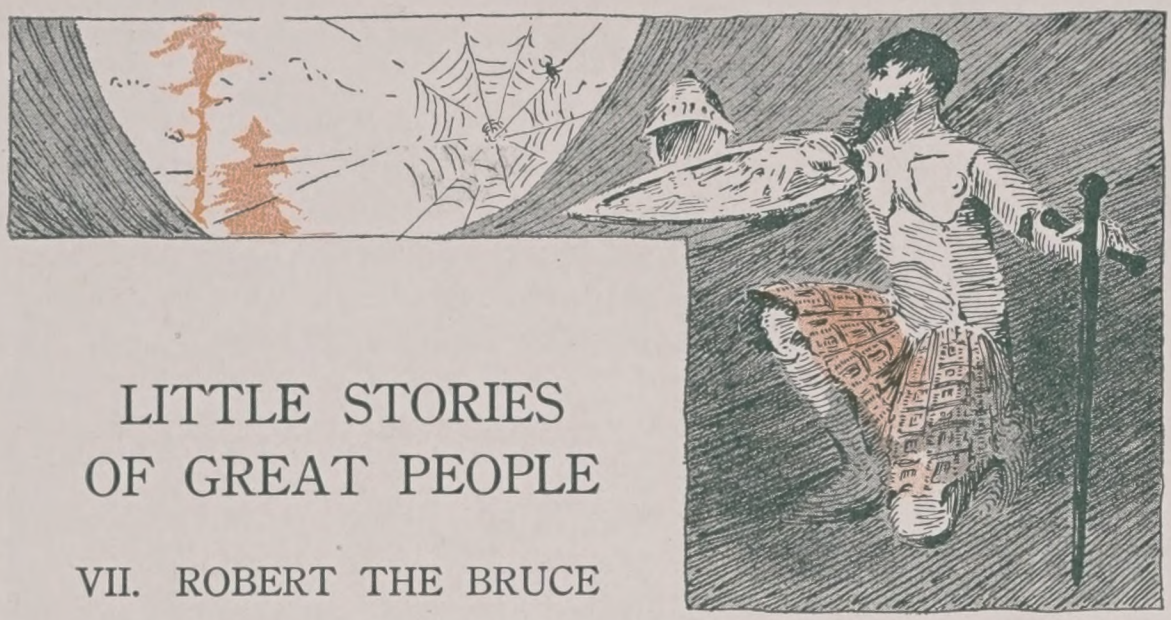
Harold was the son of Earl Godwin, advisor to Edward the Confessor. Edward arranged to make Harold his successor. During a sea trip, however, Harold was caught in a storm and was cast upon the coast of Normandy. Duke William made a prisoner of him and would not let him go until Harold had promised to give up all claim to the English throne. William himself wanted to rule England and was determined to do so.

Harold went home, and King Edward died. Harold was at once proclaimed king. Immediately Duke William prepared to invade England. He landed there in September, 1066. On the fourteenth of October, his army met the forces of Harold on the field of Hastings. There, after numerous repulses, William succeeded in defeating Harold. In fact, the English king was among the first to fall when the Norman spearmen began to throw their great iron spears.

Hours after the battle was over and William was indeed the "Conqueror," the priests, who loved Harold, went out to find his body. Somewhere among the dead and wounded they knew he must be. With lighted torches they searched, but could not find him.

At last came the queen, Editha, sister of Harold and the wife of Edward the Confessor. She it was who first saw the body of the king stretched cold in death. Tenderly her followers bore it away for burial, but the heart of the good queen broke with its sorrow.

FINDING THE BODY OF HAROLD
BY W. HILTON



LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

VII. ROBERT THE BRUCE

ENGLAND and Scotland were not always united as they are now. There were Scotch kings as well as English kings. The two countries were often at war with one another.

One of the best known of the Scotch kings was Robert, called Robert the Bruce. Now, Bruce was a brave man and a good soldier. When the King of England determined to conquer Scotland and to drive Bruce off the throne and out of the country, King Robert gathered together a great army and courageously went forth against the English. Six times he met the enemy and six times his army was driven back. For England was the stronger and larger kingdom and had more men who could fight.

After the last defeat King Robert became very discouraged. He seemed no longer able to hold his army together. Little by little the men scattered or deserted, and Bruce himself was forced to go into hiding or to give himself up to the English. He chose to hide, in order that he might have a chance to think things over.

For days and weeks he lived in the forest, taking refuge in whatever he came upon. Now it was a cave in the deep woods; now a deserted farmhouse; in sunshine or in rain, he was forced to tramp along, or to lie down in some out-of-the-way spot to snatch what rest he could.

At last he grew weary in body and soul. He was so tired that he felt as if he must give himself up to the enemy.

One day he sought shelter from a storm in an old barn. It was a dreary day; as he lay in a corner of the broken-down building, he could hear the patter, patter of the rain on the roof. He was wet

and cold and out of heart. The whole world seemed bleak and comfortless.

Suddenly his attention was attracted to a spider weaving her web up on one of the beams in the roof. She was a careful little worker: she seemed to think out each movement. Bruce became absorbed in the method she took to gain her end. Then he noticed that she was trying to fling her thread from one beam to another. Six times she tried and each time she fell short of the distance, her thread not being long enough.

"Poor little spider!" the king said; "she too knows what it means to fail."

The spider, however, did not give up. She went back and began to spin once more. Then she made ready to throw the line to the other beam. By now the king was intensely interested. Would the thread reach the seventh time? Yes, she threw out the end; it was long enough; it caught on the beam and she swung over to make it fast there.

Then the king rose up with a new purpose in his heart. "If that little spider can succeed by trying, in spite of many failures, surely, I, the king, must keep up my courage and try again." This was what the Bruce said to himself.

Once more he called out his men. His new resolution was felt by the people and they flocked to his bidding.

After some preparation, the Scots met the English for the seventh time on the battlefield. A great battle was fought. Bruce was the inspiration of it all; his hope and his energy had put fresh life into his army.

The battle came to an end with Scotland victorious. The seventh "try" had brought success. Even as the spider had gone on in the face of failure, so Robert the Bruce had fought his way to victory in spite of many setbacks. It was a wonderful lesson that the king had learned in the old barn. It brought his country peace for many long years.

"PLUTARCH'S LIVES" FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

I. ROMULUS

WHEN Troy fell, there was among the Greeks a man named Æneas. He had a long and hard trip back to Greece; in fact, he never reached Greece, but went instead to Italy, where his children became the rulers of a kingdom which he founded there.

Years went by and the kingdom grew. New kings reigned and died there. At last came Numitor, whose daughter Rhea became the wife of the god of war, Mars.

Numitor was deposed, however, by a certain powerful enemy, and the twin sons of Rhea and Mars, heirs to the kingdom, were cast

THE WOLF FINDS ROMULUS AND REMUS

into the forest by the new king and were left to die there. A she-wolf heard their crying and went to them. It is supposed that she took care of them as she might have taken care of her own offspring. At all events, they grew up to be fine, healthy boys; and a shepherd, finding them in the woods, taught them all that he himself knew.

When Romulus and Remus grew old enough to learn who they really were, they went out to fight the king who had deposed their grandfather. They were victorious and gave back the kingdom to Numitor.

Then it was that Romulus decided to found a city. He selected a place where there were seven hills. This city became Rome, the city "set on seven hills," the most famous city in all the world.

Romulus and Remus quarreled after Rome was begun. The story goes that Remus made fun of the wall that his brother had built about the city-to-be. He jumped over it to show how little he thought of its significance. The safety of the city was a point of great importance with Romulus, and when he found that his brother thought so little of his wall he grew so angry with Remus he killed him.

After that Romulus ruled the city as the first king. He became entangled in a war with a neighboring kingdom, whose people were known as the Sabines, but after a while the differences between Romulus and the Sabine king were settled and the two reigned as joint kings of the city of Rome.

It is to Romulus that Rome is said to owe much of her later glory. He is supposed to have established the basis for her laws and government, and to have begun the building up of her military power. He reigned for thirty-seven years. The legend says that he disappeared suddenly while reviewing his soldiers. A thunder-storm came up, and in the midst of its fury the king was caught up into the air and was never seen or heard of again.

We do not regard Romulus as one of the heroes of the ancient world. He was, in reality, a very wicked man and no boy of courage can admire him.

NATURE

A WINTER ADVENTURE

BETTY and Bob had been promised a trip to the country during the Christmas holidays. So two days after Christmas, when the excitement of turkey dinners and presents had almost worn away, they made ready to go.

Mrs. Meredith took them for a half-hour ride in the train, and then at a tiny little country station they got off and started to walk. First, they reached the "general store," outside of which several farmers were stamping up and down, their feet wrapped in potato bags to protect them from the frost. The store looked so interesting that Bob wanted to go in, so, in quest of a few candies, they entered. "Pr'tty cold weather, litt'l feller, I guess?" asked the storekeeper of Bob. "Looks ter me 'sif a storm's pr'tty nigh due."

"Oh! do you think so?" exclaimed Mrs. Meredith. "We are planning to take a long walk."

"Wa'll, ma'am, I reckon as how ye kin git back afore it comes along, if ye'll hurry up a mite. Ye're safe fer a couple o' hours, I guess."

NATURE

Betty and Bob, with their mother, hurried away. Walking for a while, they soon had passed by all the many farmhouses in the "town part," and came out along a country road that did not seem to be used much for traveling. It was early in the afternoon and the sun, while not smiling his brightest, appeared from behind the white clouds every now and then and almost blinded them. Everywhere the trees were bare. Despite this, they rose majestically and stretched long arms against the sky. Here and there an icicle hung loosely from the limb of a tree; and as they passed the fences, Betty delighted in breaking off the little ones that clung all in rows. The fields looked gray and dismal. All the green grass of a few months before had disappeared and in its place was brown, dull-colored stubble, sprinkled here and there with a thin coat of frost.

How good it felt in the fresh air! As they walked along they drew in long, deep breaths of it. It was cold, but brisk walking made them forget this, and they really felt cozy and warm.

Then all at once the sun seemed to run away from them. This time he did not come out to play "peek-a-boo," but

stayed in altogether. The clouds grew heavier and heavier and the air became chilly and damp. "I'm afraid that old farmer was right," said Mrs. Meredith. "We must hurry for the train."

So they hastened a bit. After walking for some time, however, Mrs. Meredith suddenly stopped short. "I am sure we are going the wrong way," she said; "I do not remember passing that field covered with fertilizer." All three looked anxiously around in search of some familiar landmark, but there was none. Where was the station? Even now, a few flakes of snow were falling, and they were all three becoming cold.

"Well, we cannot stand still," said their mother. "Perhaps we will come to a farmhouse and be able to get a lift." But they walked on and on without finding a trace of any living thing. The snow was now falling thick and fast, and it was hard to walk without overshoes. Betty was quite frightened and began to cry, but Bob cheered her up and said, "Come, buck up, sis! Don't be a baby. We'll soon find some place to stop." And on they went.

Mrs. Meredith was plainly worried, for she saw that Betty, who was not very strong, was beginning to give out,

and Bob was too young to go alone to hunt for a place of shelter. Then came a sudden gust of wind that threw Betty down. Bob helped her up, but she could no longer pretend to be brave and she was frankly crying. It was then that Bob discovered a shelter. It was nothing but an abandoned barn, yet it was a protection; so in they went. The snow was now almost blinding in its fury.

Suddenly there was the sound of a strange voice and the pounding of horses' hoofs. "Keerful, Bill; keep 'er up, old scout! We're 'most there, now." Bob ran to the door and saw an approaching wagon. With difficulty, he succeeded in making the farmer understand their troubles, but at last the three of them were helped into the old cart, which was nearly at its journey's end. A short ride and they had reached the farmhouse. As they got off, the door was opened, and a motherly woman called out, "Caught in the storm, too?" Poor Betty was in a pretty scared state, so they helped her first, rubbing her hands and giving her warm milk to drink. Then the farmer's wife made a good, hot country supper for all of them.

There was only one thing that bothered Mrs. Meredith, and that was how

to let her husband know of their safety. Perhaps something in her face made the farmer's wife understand her anxiety, for she said, "Don't worry; Hiram'll see that your folks know where you are. Just leave it to him and make yourself comfortable. I'll have a room made ready for you, so you can soon go to bed."

At that Hiram entered the room, and his wife told him that in some way he must get into communication with Mr. Meredith. "Jest give me the address, and I'll telegraph him whar' ye are," said he. So into the storm a few minutes later Hiram went, this time properly clad and on foot. Nearly an hour passed before he returned, but he came back safely. "Got a lift out on Mansion Road," said he.

By this time Mrs. Meredith and the children were ready for bed. They soon went to sleep, and it was not until the next morning that they woke, to find the snow still falling and the ground entirely white. Late that afternoon, when the storm had somewhat abated, Mr. Meredith arrived with a sleigh. Into this he tucked them warmly, and, with many thanks to the good old farm people, they set out for home.

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

VIII. CADMUS THE DRAGON SLAYER

AGENOR, King of Phœnicia, a small country in Asia, had a beautiful young daughter, called Europa. One day, however, Jupiter, the king of the gods, decided that he loved Europa. Whereupon he turned himself into a great white bull, and, descending on Agenor's kingdom, stole the king's fair daughter and carried her away on his back.

Naturally, Agenor was very angry. At once he commanded his stalwart son, Cadmus, to go out in search of his sister and forbade him to return home without her.

Cadmus set forth, and wandered the whole world over. Of his sister he found no trace and finally he became greatly discouraged.

Not daring to return home and confess his failure, the young man besought the advice of the god Apollo. The oracle of Apollo told him to go on as he was going and presently he would see a cow grazing in a field. He should follow this cow wherever she went and on the spot where she stopped he should build a city. The name of the city should be Thebes.

Cadmus started away, and, sure enough, after a little while, he saw a cow. He followed her, and some distance away she stopped in the midst of a broad plain. Here she lifted up her head and sent forth great cries. Cadmus knew then that this was to be the place for the city.

In those days it was the custom to make an offering to the gods before undertaking any kind of hard task. Cadmus decided to offer Jupiter a gift of pure water. He sent his servants for it.

Now, not far away there was a clump of tall trees. In among the trees was a great cave, the entrance to which was covered over with thick vines and shrubbery. From somewhere beneath the cave there bubbled forth a tiny spring of the coolest, clearest water.

The servants of Cadmus found this tiny spring and were about to draw their pitchers full from it, when suddenly they saw that the cave was inhabited. There, just within, lay a huge and

CADMUS SLAYS THE DRAGON

hideous monster, a creature of scales and fiery eyes, and a three-pronged tongue that moved between rows of great, long teeth.

At sight of the men, the big creature twisted himself about. He stretched until he reached the highest limb of the tallest tree. Then he thrust out his tongue and his tail and killed those whom Cadmus had sent for the water.

Cadmus, meanwhile, awaited the return of his people. When they did not come he went to look for them. He was horror-stricken to find them dead, and at once made up his mind to kill the dragon.

He must have seemed very small, however, when he stood up before the beast. Over his shoulder hung a lion's skin; in his hand he carried a javelin and a spear. Poor weapons were these against such heavy scales!

However, Cadmus was possessed of a brave heart and a strong will. He picked up a stone and let it fly at the monster. The stone had no effect.

Then he threw the javelin, and it must have touched a tender spot, for the dragon cried out in pain.

His spear now was all that he had left. He stood back a little distance and took careful aim. Then he flung it hard at the beast. It was a long spear, and it pierced the head of the dragon and lodged in a tree trunk behind.

Now the great creature was pinned fast and his life-blood was ebbing.

Just then Cadmus heard a voice speaking. It said: "Cadmus, take the teeth of the dragon and sow them in the earth." Cadmus pondered over this, but at last decided that a god had spoken. He therefore dug a deep furrow and in this he buried the big teeth.

Suddenly the earth began to tremble. All along the top of the furrow spearheads appeared. After them came the heads of men and then the men themselves, until there seemed to be a whole army of them. At once they fell upon each other, fighting desperately. Here Cadmus thought to interfere, but they cried out to him: "Let us alone; do not come near us!"

The battle raged until all but five were dead. These five agreed to stop fighting and to have peace. Then they offered themselves to Cadmus to help build the city of Thebes.

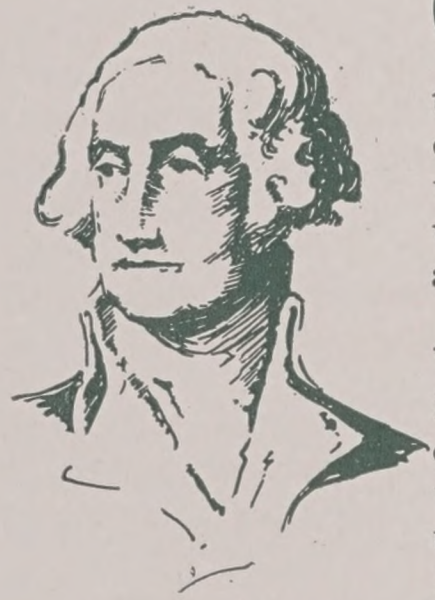
For a while Cadmus lived in the new city happily. He married Harmonia, and they had children. Mars, however, was angry with the hero for having killed the dragon, who was sacred to the war god; and Mars brought misfortune to the family of Cadmus, so that his children all died.

After that Cadmus and his wife left Thebes. They passed the years in continued sorrow. At last, one day, Cadmus cried out: "If the gods so love the serpent, I would that I were one!" At once he began to change, and there, sure enough, he was transformed into a serpent!

When Harmonia saw this, she, too, prayed to become a serpent. Her wish was at once granted, and so the two entered together upon a new existence.

AMERICAN HEROES

GEORGE WASHINGTON



ONCE, many years ago, when this broad land of ours was still peopled for the most part with red men, there was born in Virginia, on the banks of the Potomac River, a boy whose name was George Washington. The day on which this boy was born was February 22, 1732.

As the years went on, the young Washington grew to be a strong, fine-looking lad. He loved his mother dearly, obeyed his father as a good son should, and was known among all his friends as being unfailingly honest and truthful. He progressed at school because he took pains to study his lessons and to behave himself.

When he was still little more than a boy, he became a surveyor and went on a perilous trip into the mountain country. It was very lonely there, and great danger threatened from wild beasts and the Indians. He did his work so well, however, that he was splendidly rewarded by the man who employed him.

All his life, I suppose, George Washington had wanted to become a soldier. Therefore, he joined the army, such as it was, and again he showed himself brave and dependable.

During the war between the English colonists and the French and Indians, Washington was sent to the frontier. He acted as aide-de-camp to a foolish English general of whom you have all heard, General Braddock, who would not listen to the younger soldier's advice; so that his company of men suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of the French and their Indian allies.

When the Revolutionary War became a serious matter, Washington was given command of the American forces. You all know how he worked and suffered and sacrificed himself to win the great struggle that made our country free. Because of what Washington did in the Revolutionary War, we call him the "Father of His Country."

If you will look at the face of Washington at the beginning of this story, you will know why all good Americans admire this man. There are men in the world who command the respect of everybody —Washington was that kind of man. It is doubtful if people loved Washington,—that is, in an intimate way,—but they would have given their lives for him had he seemed to need the sacrifice.

Everybody in the new, free, United States wanted George Washington to be the first president. Some of them thought that he ought to be king.

Washington, however, knew that, after the bitter war that had just thrown off a king's oppressive powers, it would not be wise for America to start out as a monarchy. He consented to be president; not only once, but a second time. He would not, though, take a third term, even when the people begged him to do so. He had fought his best; he had served his best as president, and he felt that he would like to go back to Virginia and live there with his family just as a plain country gentleman. In truth, he deserved to be able to do so.

All the boys and girls and men and women who love their country, and look back upon her past history with real pride, remember the birthday of George Washington when it comes around each twenty-second of February.

We remember the day because it marks the anniversary of a great occasion. The day on which a great man is born is an important day in history. There are certain men who seem to have been put into the world just to do the great deeds that must be done. George Washington seems to have been born in order that the land of America might be made free; in order that a wonderful country and nation might be started. What would Washington think now if he could come back and see what a mighty people this has grown to be!

It is good to think that this great man was once a boy, just like the boys who will read this story. He liked to fish, to climb trees, and, I do not doubt, to play ball. Perhaps he would march around and beat a drum, pretending that he was a soldier. Best of all, he was a good boy—not a mollycoddle, but a straight boy—honest and upright and dutiful. Boys who are straight all through become

straight men; and it is this kind of man that the world needs, and this kind of man that the country wants, when some great trouble arises that requires wisdom and good judgment for its settlement.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WHAT boy or girl does not know who Abraham Lincoln was? Of all the names of American heroes, none is so well-loved or so enthusiastically spoken about. Not even Washington himself can command so deep a respect, so universal an affection.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a little shanty down in Kentucky, on February 12, 1809. His parents were poor; the boy grew up as a poor boy, with his own way to make. His people moved to Indiana when he was still very young, and here he went to a country school for a few months now and again.

Washington was well-born and well-educated, as the son of an old Virginia family would be. There were money and property in the Washington family, and George inherited some of this himself. All through his life, Washington was just a little the aristocrat. He held himself a trifle above the average man.

Not so was Lincoln. He belonged, first, last and always, to "the common people." His life was a hard one from the start, but he had ambition. When he could not go to school as he wanted to, he read books at home, by the light of a wood fire. He read the Bible, the life of Washington, "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," many times. He did problems in mathematics on a wooden shovel, with charcoal, and so learned arithmetic.

Finally, Lincoln managed, by hard work, to save enough money to become a lawyer.

Every one who met Lincoln liked him. He had the quality of great-heartedness. He always wanted to help people.

By and by he was elected to the Legislature, and then to Congress. The next step was the Presidency, and he was elected on the Republican ticket in 1860.

Then came the great and awful Civil War. Far-seeing and wise, Lincoln steered the way of the Union to victory. He declared the slaves free. The war came to an end with the people convinced that here was the greatest president the United States had had since Washington.

Lincoln was elected a second time. Then, one night, as he sat in the theater, John Wilkes Booth, an actor, shot the president, and in a few days the great Lincoln was dead!

If ever a country mourned one it loved, America mourned Abraham Lincoln.

It is a wonderful thing for any man to inspire so great an affection. Even today, Lincoln is very real to all of us. We speak his name and seem to see a tall, thin, dark man, with wrinkled face, but smiling mouth, and wonderful, kindly eyes that speak of real honesty, true-heartedness and a tender spirit. Here was a man who could not bear to see a woman cry, or a little child or an animal in any kind of trouble. Here was a man strong in body, great in mind, and very firm in his purpose to do right. Yet, whatever he did was done with a sweetness, almost a gentleness, that made every one love him.

There are many lessons in the life of Lincoln for boys and girls. Let us remember these: Lincoln proves that a boy can make of himself anything that he wishes to be; he proves that truth and honesty and the will to do the right thing always make a life worth while.

Lincoln never fought a battle as a soldier; but he fought many great battles, just the same. He fought with his mind and his heart for his country's freedom from a great sin, and he won the battle.

Our Holidays

Saint Valentine's Day

SACRED to all true lovers is the day known as Saint Valentine's Day. On the fourteenth of February, each year, we put red hearts on our party tables and buy baby Cupids, while the young man sends his sweetheart a bunch of flowers, or a box of candy, or a letter that tells her of his love.

Now, then, how did all this begin?

Well, back in the old days of Rome, in something like the third century, there lived a kindly priest, known as Valentine. All the people loved him, and his ways with young folks were very tender.

When Valentine died, on the fourteenth of February in the year two hundred and seventy, there were many to mourn his death. He soon came to be called Saint Valentine, and the anniversary of his end was celebrated in a strange way.

On that day the names of the young girls in Rome were written down and slipped into a public box. To this box came the young men of the city, and each drew out a name. The girl whose name appeared on the slip then became the promised bride of the man who had drawn it.

So truly did the Romans believe in the power of Saint Valentine that they were sure that marriages made in this way must in every case be happy and wise.

From Rome the custom of observing Saint Valentine's Day came down to England. Here it took the form of a great festival, at which men and women chose each other by chance slips much as the Romans had done. Only, in this case, the choosing did not always mean marriage; rather, each young man made a holiday for the maiden who fell to his lot, whose "valentine" he was said to be.

In the country districts of England the children get up with the dawn on Saint Valentine's Day and go to call on the best-

known person in their village. He greets them with wreaths and lovers' knots, which they wear as they march along singing:

"Good-morrow to you, Valentine!
Curl your locks as I do mine:
Two before and three behind.
Good-morrow to you, Valentine!"

Sometimes Saint Valentine's Day gifts were very costly, but usually they were simply little remembrances expressing affection.

It is also said that Saint Valentine's Day comes in the time of the year when the birds are mating. This gives the day a real meaning for lovers everywhere.

In our own land and time, the fourteenth of February is a day on which we send picture postcards to our friends, or some dainty gift of candy or flowers. For many the real significance of the occasion has been lost. But all of us like to know that our friends have a kind thought for us, while we ourselves wish those friends to know that our hearts are loyal to them. Therefore, we remember them on the day when Love is supposed to be the supreme ruler of affairs.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

VIII. THE BLACK PRINCE

THIS story is about a prince who never became a king. He was the son of Edward III, of England, and he lived in the middle of the fourteenth century. King Edward was a very ambitious man and wanted to conquer France. He gathered together a great army and invaded the kingdom across the Channel, fighting there for many years.

The son of Edward showed himself to be a brave boy. When he was very young he went with his father's forces into France and won his spurs at an age when most boys are still in school. He became known as the Black Prince, for he always dressed in black clothes.

The Black Prince was not only brave, but he was a real prince, every inch of him. While his father was cruel and unkind to people, the prince was the very reverse: he was kind and courteous and loved to help people who seemed in any way to need it.

Once when the Black Prince went out to do battle with the French, he had a brilliant victory and took the French king captive. This was his chance to show the enemy how badly they were beaten. The Black Prince, however, did not do that. He felt that because King John of France was a much older man than himself, he ought to treat him with every mark of respect. Also, he realized that the French king was a splendidly brave man, and he admired his courage. He was, it is true, a captive foe, but the prince did not wish him to feel himself too deeply humiliated. Therefore, when the

THE BLACK PRINCE SERVES THE FRENCH KING

French king was taken into the English quarters wounded, the prince came to him and would not let any one else look after him. He bathed the wound as tenderly as the king's own brother might have done and bound it up, making his royal prisoner comfortable.

Later, the king of the French was taken to England. There, in London, a great triumph was held. It was a jubilee to mark the victory of the Black Prince over the French. In the midst of the parade the French king was carried in a chair. He was the captive; it was his kingdom that had been taken; he was a prisoner of the English people. Yet, right beside the chair of the defeated king there rode a noble figure, all in black. How the people cheered as he advanced; how they loved this stalwart, brave prince! The prince,

however, did not wear the air of a conqueror. He was concerned over the feelings that must be stirring in the breast of the man he had overcome. He was more anxious that King John should not feel too badly than he was that the people should acclaim him a hero.

When King John was taken to the Tower of London, the Black Prince waited on him at the table, and made sure that he had everything that he wanted and that he was served as befitted his rank.

All through his career the prince showed himself to be full of kindness as well as of courage, and it was because he was modest in spite of his many achievements that he was so wonderfully loved by all his people. It is doubtful if there ever lived an English king of whom the entire nation was so proud. At times he seemed more truly the king than his father; certainly, the kingdom as a whole looked up to him for guidance.

The Black Prince fought many battles in the forty-six years of his life. As King Edward grew older, there were wicked men who made trouble at his court. The Black Prince took matters into his own hands and got rid of these people, who were taking a mean advantage of a very old and weak man. Sickness, however, came to the strong soldier and he died before his father, after all. Therefore, he did not become king; but when Edward III did die, a year later, the young son of the Black Prince was made king, and was known as Richard II. Richard was only a child, but when trouble arose among the people, he displayed his father's courage by going right out to them and meeting them face to face in order to settle the dispute.

A Poet of Rome

VIRGIL

YOU know the story of the Greek poet, Homer, and his two great poems, "The Iliad" and "The Odyssey." You are now to hear about another poet of ancient times, who wrote a poem that tells the story of the fall of Troy and the things that happened to the Greek heroes after they had set sail for home.

You remember that the great city of Rome was founded by Romulus, who was a descendant of a man named Æneas. Æneas was one of the Greeks who helped to conquer Troy, and you have heard that he wandered into many strange places after the Trojan War. He settled down at last in Italy and founded a small kingdom.

Years later, Romulus succeeded to this kingdom and built the city of Rome.

Rome grew to be greater and greater. Her soldiers went into every known part of the world and conquered it. The Roman Empire came to rule over all the surrounding countries, and its wealth was enormous.

When Rome was a young city, it was the capital of a republic. But Julius Cæsar, in the last years before the birth of Christ, became dictator; and his nephew, Cæsar Augustus, was, a while later, crowned emperor.

It was during the reign of Augustus that a young man of thirty-three, tall and thin, and delicate in health, left his little farm in the country and came to live in Rome.

The name of this man was Virgil, and he was a poet. He was born in 70 B. C.; and though his people were not rich, he had received a good education. He wrote several excellent poems and won the friendship of a wealthy Roman, who made him very popular in the big city among the people who counted.

Virgil's great ambition was to write a long poem that would celebrate the founding of Rome. He set to work when he was forty years old to do this. He called the poem "The Æneid," and its central character was Æneas. He told how Æneas carried his

old father on his shoulders away from burning Troy, and took a ship that went everywhere but where he intended it to go. All the adventures that Æneas had are told about, until at last he reached Italy, and there stopped, deciding to build a new home for himself and his people.

Virgil never had the chance to make the poem as complete as he wanted it to be; he did not have a chance to make it as fine as he had intended to do; for he suddenly became very ill, and died. Before his death he begged his friends to burn "The Æneid," because he did not think it good enough to be given to the world. Fortunately, his friends saw how splendid it really was and they took the best possible care of it.

"The Æneid" is written in Latin, but the English poet Dryden has put it into beautiful English. Many other people, of course, have written translations of it, but none are so satisfactory as Dryden's.

The people who knew Virgil remembered him as being very modest and retiring. He was always quiet and thoughtful. He worked hard because he loved his work, and he has come down to us as the very greatest of the many celebrated poets who belonged to the mighty queen city of Rome.

A PICTURE STORY

THE DEATH OF NELSON
BY ERNEST SLINGENEYER

HERE is a picture that tells the story of how a brave man died. The man was Horatio Nelson, and he was an admiral in the British navy.

Nelson was born in England, in 1758. His father was a country minister and did not have much money. When Horatio was twelve years old he went away to sea. When he was twenty-one he became a captain in the Royal Navy.

The greatest enemy that England had when Nelson was still a young man was the French emperor, Napoleon. Napoleon had conquered so much of Europe that England decided that he must be checked. Therefore, she sent out her ships, as well as her armies, to meet in battle the great French general and king.

The fleets held by Napoleon were in the Mediterranean Sea. They were both Spanish and French. On St. Valentine's Day, in 1797, the English won a great victory, and Nelson was the hero who did the most splendid deeds of all.

After that, Nelson became better and better known for his courage and daring. In 1805 the great battle off Cape Trafalgar was fought between Napoleon's French and Spanish ships and the Mediterranean fleet of England. Lord Nelson, as he was now called, was in command. His ship was "The Victory." Before the battle began he went down into his cabin, and on his knees wrote a beautiful prayer. Then he put up a signal that has become famous. It read: "England expects every man this day to do his duty."

That must have been a glorious battle! In the midst of the firing, when the smoke was thick all around, a bullet hit Lord Nelson. In the picture you see him falling. Captain Hardy is one of the men who is holding him. On all sides the battle was going on, but Nelson knew that he was dying. He said to Hardy and his doctor: "They have done for me at last!" He had been shot through the back.

With his last breath he asked: "How goes the day?" When the captain told him that the English were winning, he smiled. "Thank God," he said; "I have done my duty." Then he sank down on the deck of the ship and died.

All England mourned Lord Nelson. A great funeral was held and he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Strangely enough, Nelson was a very little man, thin and sickly-looking. Early in life he lost one eye, and later one of his arms was shot off. But when he was a tiny boy, some one asked him if he were not afraid of something.

When he heard the word "fear," he replied: "Fear!—what is that? I never saw it!"

No; Nelson did not know fear. But he did know his duty, and he did it nobly.

A BIRD STORY

A LITTLE bird sat in a big elm-tree;
She chirped to the world with an air of glee;
She chirped till she brought to her own little bough
Another small bird, who his love did avow.

Then the first little bird grew strangely shy;
She looked as if she wanted to fly
Far away from the fat little bird by her side,
Who so very much wanted her for his bride.

But while she waited to make up her mind,
A fairy flew out from the tree behind
And perched on the bough between the two;
"I'll tell you," she said to them, "just what to do:

"There's a wonderful fork at the top of the tree,
I'll show it to you if you'll come with me;
If you'd go there and build a nice little nest,
You could let Mother Nature take care of the rest."

Then the first little bird sang a brave little note,
The other bird puffed out his feathery coat;
They thanked the fairy for being so kind,
And flew away the nest-nook to find.

The fairy came back when the woods were green,
She made her way through the leafy screen
To the old elm's top;—and guess what she found
Tucked away in a nest all cosy and round?

Why, six little birdlings covered with down,
Snuggling down deep 'mong the leaves of brown;
While a chirp from a bough of the tree near by,
Proved the mother-bird keeping a watchful eye.

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

IX. PROMETHEUS AND PANDORA

THE ancient Greeks had a very queer way of accounting for the beginning of the world. They believed that at one time, when the gods reigned supreme, the entire earth was blended together. There was no sea, no earth, no heaven, but the whole formed one mass, which they called "Chaos."

At last, finding that such a condition was unsatisfactory, it was decided that there should be a great change. The earth and sea were separated from each other, and the heaven was separated from both earth and sea. The fiery part, being lighter, flew up and formed the sky. The more solid part took the lower plane; while the sea sank still lower and served to hold up the earth. Then one of the gods helped matters along by making gulfs and bays, by raising mountains and cutting out valleys. Now the stars appeared in the sky and fish were seen in the waters, while another god created the animals and placed them upon the earth.

Still, something else was needed. It was decided that man, a being greater than any animal, should be made. Long before real men were created to live upon the earth, a gigantic race, called the Titans, existed.

Among the greatest of the Titans were Prometheus and his brother, Epimetheus. To Prometheus was assigned the task of making the first man. Prometheus took some earth, mixed it with water and formed a man, making him look as much like the gods as possible. He made him straight and to stand upright. Instead of having his face turn downward to look at the earth,

he raised it toward heaven and the stars. Of course, it became necessary to give man certain things that would protect him and make it possible for him to live. Epimetheus was chosen to give out the gifts, with Prometheus to overlook the work and see that everything was done rightly. Epimetheus gave to the animals various characteristics that would be of great benefit to them. These were courage and strength, swiftness, wisdom and

PANDORA LIFTS THE LID OF THE JAR

endurance. To some he gave wings; to others, claws; and to others, hard, shell coverings. Man, being the most important, was left until the last, that all possible attention might be given to him. Epimetheus, however, was not very wise; for he gave out all of the virtues from his enormous store to the wild animals and forgot to lay aside any for the new man. Not knowing what to do, he consulted Prometheus. The latter went up to heaven and lighted

PROMETHEUS CHAINED TO THE ROCK

his torch with fire from Apollo's chariot. This he brought down and gave to man. No longer was man helpless. He now ruled the earth; for with fire he was able to forge weapons and beat down the beasts, his enemies. Then, too, he could warm his home and cook his food.

Jupiter, from his throne on Mount Olympus, saw a fire upon the earth and asked the meaning of it. When he heard about it, he was greatly angered and called the gods together. It was decided to create a new being, woman, as a punishment to man for accepting the gifts of the Titans. Woman was made in heaven, and all the gods and goddesses eagerly brought out their gifts for her. Venus gave her beauty, Mercury gave her persuasion, and Apollo gave her music. Because of her unusual and many gifts they named her Pandora, which is a Greek word meaning "all-gifted."

After she was entirely finished, woman was sent down to earth to the Titans. Prometheus and his brother were greatly enchanted with her exceptional beauty, and eagerly set about making a home for her with them.

It so happened that in the house of Epimetheus there was a jar full of all kinds of harmful things, which Epimetheus had locked away because he knew that they would be a hindrance and not a help to man.

Pandora had not been in the house many days before she discovered the strange-looking jar, and immediately wanted to know what was in it. One day, while no one was at home, her curiosity got the better of her and she was tempted to disobey the warning

given her by Epimetheus never to open the jar. She slipped off the cover and peeped in. As she did so, out came hundreds of plagues for poor man—all kinds of bodily diseases; envy, war, spite and revenge; and many, many more. These horrid things lost no time in getting away and scattering themselves far and wide.

Pandora grew greatly afraid when she saw what she had done. She hurriedly replaced the lid, but it was too late. The ugly monsters were only too anxious to be free and lost no opportunity to scatter. However, far down in the bottom of the jar lay one poor little creature, all alone. Who do you think it was? It was Hope—very tiny, but very strong. The Greeks say that this is the reason why, when all kinds of evil things are abroad, Hope still stays with us.

Jupiter had a special penalty for Prometheus to pay because he had stolen the fire from heaven. The king of the gods ordered the greatest of the Titans chained to an immense rock in the wilderness. Here a vulture was sent each day to torture him. The Greek poets have made wonderful plays out of this part of the story. It was a terrible punishment to Prometheus, but Jupiter could be cruel as well as kind and could punish people in many unheard-of ways.

Do you think you could draw this funny Mr. March Hare ?

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

IX. HENRY THE EIGHTH

IT was the year 1509 in England. There had been seven kings called Henry, and now the eighth Henry came to the throne. This young man was good-looking, intelligent and capable. He spoke a great variety of languages, had written books, and was an expert tennis player and all-around athlete. Of all the kings of England, this one began his career with the most promise of becoming a wise and good ruler.

Henry, however, did what a great many men have done when they have been placed in positions of authority. He grew selfish and hard, even cruel. He did not stop at anything to get his own way, whether that way was right or whether it was wrong.

HENRY VIII AND ANNE BOLEYN

The older brother of Henry had married a Spanish princess, Catherine. This brother died, and it was thought best that Henry should marry his sister-in-law. As a matter of fact, they lived together happily for many years and had a number of children. All of these died except one daughter, Mary.

Then a sad thing happened. The king saw a very attractive young woman among those who waited on the queen. She was Anne Boleyn, the daughter of a nobleman. Henry decided that he would like to marry Anne.

This was almost out of the question. Still, Henry had a great friend, who was strong in the Church. This was Cardinal Wolsey. Henry persuaded Wolsey to take the matter up with the Pope at

Rome and have his marriage with the queen declared illegal. The Pope refused Wolsey's request, so Henry decided to take his own way in the matter.

That way was to make England Protestant instead of Catholic. In Germany a man by the name of Martin Luther had defied the Pope and had started a new church. Henry thought that he would now have a new church in England and he could then do as he pleased.

After that he divorced Queen Catherine and married Anne Boleyn.

The new queen hated Cardinal Wolsey and brought about a quarrel between him and the king, so that Wolsey lost his high place in the kingdom and died an unhappy death.

Henry now became unbearable. He tired of Queen Anne and accused her of being unfaithful to him. She was taken to the Tower of London and beheaded. Then the king married Jane Seymour, a young woman, who died a little later, after her son, who became Edward VI, was born. Henry's next wife was a princess from Flanders, Anne of Cleves. He divorced her in something like six months. Catherine Howard became his wife after this, and she was beheaded when Henry grew weary of her. The last wife was Catherine Parr, who outlived the king.

All the world knew how wicked the King of England was. All the world today speaks of the eighth Henry with a kind of horror. Yet he ought to have been a great king. He was really a statesman, a man of brains and a man of power. He had the quality of making himself liked by people, and his subjects would have loved him dearly if only he had been a better man.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

MARCH THE SEVENTEENTH is St. Patrick's Day. Patrick is the great saint of Ireland, and there are many quaint legends about him.

St. Patrick was born toward the end of the fourth century. His birthplace was Kilpatrick, a little place near Glasgow, in Scotland. Among the stories told of Patrick's childhood is one about his having brought home some pieces of ice on a day in the winter. His nurse scolded him and told him that on such a cold day he should have brought home wood and not ice. At this the boy gathered the ice together in a little heap and made a prayer.

ST. PATRICK THE SHEPHERD

Behold, the pile of ice became at once a bonfire! On another occasion his nurse wanted some honey, and there was none. The boy prayed again and took up a pitcher of water. When he poured from the pitcher it was honey and not water that flowed out!

When Patrick was sixteen years of age his father met with disaster. All his servants were sold into slavery and Patrick with them. He was carried over to Ireland and given cattle to tend. Some say that he became a shepherd and looked after his sheep on the mountain of Slemish. This is a well-known mountain in the north of Ireland, and travelers there have it pointed out to them. On the heather-grown sides of this big hill St. Patrick is supposed to have dreamed the hours away while his sheep wandered about seeking food.

Another tale has it that Patrick was sold into slavery a second time. The price paid for him was a kettle. When the kettle was put on the fire it remained cold, no matter how hot the fire became. It was, therefore, entirely useless. The owners of the kettle bought Patrick back again, and then the kettle worked all right.

Somehow, Patrick must have obtained his freedom. He then became a missionary and started in to convert the people to Christianity. He traveled all through Ireland, doing wonderful things. He gave the blind their sight again; he made the sick well, and always he was kind and helpful to everybody. He baptized many people and selected pastors to look after them when he went away. The people all loved him very devotedly.

It is told of St. Patrick that he freed Ireland from snakes. The island is not supposed to have any snakes, and this is the story told to account for that fact.

St. Patrick's Day is always observed in Ireland. The men wear shamrocks in their hats and there is feasting and rejoicing. It is a time when the rich give to the poor.

In America we remember St. Patrick's Day, too. For there are so many people from Ireland in this country that it has become the fashion to decorate with green, and sell shamrock plants and blackthorn sticks and clay pipes in the stores. After all, whether we are Irish or not, we all in some way love the little green island over the sea, from which have come to us so many great men and beautiful songs and not a little choice poetry.

A DREAMER OF ITALY

DANTE

YOU have learned about the wandering poet of Greece, Homer. You have read the story of the great Roman poet, Virgil. Now you are to know something about an Italian poet who lived twelve hundred years after Virgil. His name was Dante.

Dante was born in the beautiful city of Florence. This city is noted for its many famous painters, sculptors and poets. The family of Dante was a well-known one in the city.

Painted by Henry Holiday

DANTE AND BEATRICE

When Dante was only a boy, nine years of age, he one day went to a party. The little girl who was giving the party was called Beatrice. She was a dainty, fairy-like little creature, with golden hair and blue eyes. Dante fell in love with her. He himself must have been a good-looking boy. He is said to have been tall and slim and very intelligent. He loved books better than people, and he spent a great deal of time dreaming. He thought that Beatrice was like some beautiful angel who had been sent down from heaven.

Dante went away from the party very thoughtful. From that day he lived with his heart full of Beatrice. As she grew older he loved her still more; she became a beautiful young woman, and he a stalwart young man, and still he loved her deeply and reverently.

Dante never married Beatrice. He was a soldier, as well as a poet and scholar, and when he was twenty-four he fought in an important battle. The very next year Beatrice, who was not strong, died, and Dante was broken-hearted. He longed in some way to show people what a great thing it means for a man to love a good woman.

His friends thought that Dante would be better off if he had a wife, so that he would not think so much about Beatrice. Therefore, they persuaded him to marry, which he did. His wife was Gemma, a sharp-tongued woman, whom the poet could not get along with very well.

When he was about twenty-seven he wrote quite a wonderful piece of work. It was the story of his boyhood and early manhood, and he called it "The New Life." It was full of his love for Beatrice and of what that love had been to him.

Dante then became interested in politics, and from that time the troubles of his life began. He had many enemies, and they made things very hard for him. He held high offices and did everything well, but in the end he was forced to leave his home city and take refuge in another town some distance away. He traveled around and picked up a great deal of knowledge, and finally he settled down in Ravenna and died there.

In exile he wrote his great book, "The Divine Comedy." This is the vision of a man with a big soul. In it he tells how he dreamed of visiting, first, Hell; then, Purgatory; and then, Heaven. He saw many people in his dream—famous people who belonged to all the ages past. The evil people were being punished for their sins, and the good people were enjoying the rewards of having been good.

He met Beatrice in heaven and she went with him on a part of his journey. She explained many things to him that he could not understand.

Dante is thought to have died of a broken heart. He wanted to go back to Florence, and he thought that he would be able to go. Things turned out in such a way that he could not return, and after that he did not seem to care to live.

All the pictures that men have made of the poet Dante show him very tall, and very thin, and very solemn. His face is one of the saddest faces we know.

Men who write great poems must always be great dreamers. Dante was one of the greatest dreamers of them all. It was as if some part of him went away from his body and lived in strange places, and then came back to show him all that it had seen.

Some day you will know this great poet better, when you are old enough to read his poems. Then, too, you will know the lovely Beatrice, of whom he has written so wonderfully.

Homer was blind and a beggar; Virgil was well-educated, well-fed, and much favored at the court of the great Cæsar; Dante was a lonely, solitary, silent figure in the midst of a great, bustling crowd. Homer told of what heroes had done; Virgil wrote out history and stories in the form of adventures; Dante looked into his own heart and mind, and wrote about all that he found there.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THEMISTOCLES

WE must go back to almost five hundred years before the birth of Christ to learn about the great cities of Sparta and Athens, and the glories of the States known as Greece.

Greece was the center of civilization prior to the rise of the Roman Republic and Empire. In Sparta, Greek men were trained to be splendid soldiers, strong to endure. In Athens, they were also trained for war; but here learning was considered deeply important, and most of the greatest Greek scholars and statesmen belonged to Athens or thereabouts.

In the fourth century before the beginning of the Christian era the most dangerous enemies of the Greeks were the Persians.

Persia was in Asia, of course, and Darius, the great Persian king, invaded Greece. He was met by defeat in the famous Battle of Marathon, in 490 B.C.

Many of the Greeks believed that this battle would end forever the attempts of Persia to conquer the Greek States. A few, however, realized that this was too much to hope for, and among these was Themistocles.

This man, an Athenian statesman, has been called the "Ulysses of Athens." Like the bold warrior who, during the Trojan War, planned to gain entrance to Troy by means of the trick horse, Themistocles displayed a wisdom that proved later to be of real benefit to his State. He warned the people that the Persians would surely come again, and he urged them to build up a big navy and to prepare in every possible way for another invasion.

Through the efforts of Themistocles, Athens soon had the largest fleet of any Greek city.

The Persians did return, led by Xerxes, the son of Darius, who had died. Xerxes got together a mighty army and many ships; and the Greeks, hearing of these preparations, which took several years for their completion, decided to unite their forces to meet the enemy when they should enter Greece. Here again Themistocles proved himself a power, for he persuaded the different cities in Greece to leave off quarreling among themselves and to agree upon a certain plan of action in which all could take part.

A narrow pass, known as Thermopylæ, was chosen as the place where the Greeks should make their first stand against the arriving Persians. The Spartans were placed in charge, and in 480 B.C., ten years after the Battle of Marathon, the Persians met the Greeks once more. Thermopylæ was a narrow way between the mountains, and through this the enemy must come. Only a few could get in at a time and that was why it was so good a point for defense against invasion.

If it had not been for treachery, the Greeks could have held the Persians back for a long time. But some traitor showed a different way by which the army could enter; and so the Persians came upon the Greeks from the back, and every one of the brave Spartan defenders was killed.

After that it seemed as if the Persians would conquer Greece easily, but in 479 B.C. there were two great battles. On the same day, the Greek fleets overcame the ships of the Persians, and the Greek army met and defeated the Persians on land.

During the war Athens was burned, and after peace had been restored, the Athenians set about rebuilding the city and its walls.

Here Sparta interfered. Sparta and Athens had always been rivals for power, and the Spartans did not wish Athens to be too well protected. So she sent representatives to persuade the Athenians not to build the walls. They pretended that Sparta was afraid that in case of more trouble with Persia the enemy might use Athens as a fortress city.

Themistocles was the man who handled the situation with tact and good judgment. He told the Spartan envoys to return to their city and say that the Athenians would send a committee to talk the matter over. He then got all the people together and urged them to hurry building the walls. He himself went to Sparta, telling the other envoys to wait until the walls were fairly high before they set out to join him.

In some way, Themistocles made the Spartans believe that each day would bring the other envoys. He pretended to be much surprised and not very well pleased when they delayed coming. Some one brought news that the Athenians were going on with the walls, but Themistocles said that this could be nothing but rumor. The Spartans finally sent new envoys to Athens, but Themistocles saw to it that these men were held there, powerless.

In this way sufficient time was gained to get the walls so nearly built that the Spartans were unable to interfere with the work.

Time proved how wise Themistocles was, for Athens and Sparta did have a great quarrel which led to a long, important war. In the meantime, however, Themistocles had made the Athenians understand how necessary it was for them to have a large navy. He was foremost in getting the harbor of Piræus extended and in protecting it by high walls.

In fact, it was to Themistocles that the Athenians owed their power to become the first city of Greece, for they followed his advice and they were well rewarded.

The pity of it was that Themistocles failed to handle his personal affairs with the same wisdom which he displayed in handling the affairs of the State.

As he grew more powerful, he became greedy for gain. He took bribes and sold away his influence in order to become a rich man. At last even his friends could not trust him, and in 471 B.C. he was sent away into exile. He wandered all about Greece, and at last settled down at the court of the King of Persia. Here he had everything that he wanted and did not seem to mind very much the fact that he was really in disgrace. The king treated him well and he was fairly contented. He stayed in Persia till his death.

FAMOUS FAIRY TALES RETOLD

THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

(From Hans Christian Andersen's Tales)

IT was New Year's Eve. The night was bitterly cold. Out in the streets the lamps burned with a faint flicker, that shone dimly through the mist of the falling snow.

One lonely little figure wandered down a narrow street in the very heart of the city. It was a small girl, with bare hands and feet, and a thin little dress that blew around her legs in the chill air and protected her but poorly from the coldness of the wind and the snow.

In her thin apron she clutched a few bundles of matches, for she was a little match girl, who earned what she could by selling matches at the crowded street corners. Now the streets were deserted and she had no way of getting rid of her small stock. At the same time she must keep them, for she did not dare run the risk of losing the stray pennies that they still might bring.

It had been a hard day for the little match girl. She had sold nothing, and no one had offered her even so much as a penny. Now she was cold and weak from hunger, but she was afraid to go home; for her home was a dreary, cheerless place, where failure to bring money meant a beating and nothing to eat.

Sick and weary, she crouched down between two houses. Her hands and feet must have pained her greatly. She longed for a little fire with which to warm them. Then she thought of

her matches. If only she could light just one, perhaps the heat from it might make her feel better.

She took a match out of one of her bundles. She struck it, and as the light flared up she saw a wonderful stove, brightly burning with a grateful heat, just before her. For one instant she was as warm as toast. Then the match went out and she was as cold as before.

The little match girl was now tempted to strike another match. It might be that again she would see the beautiful stove. She struck a second match, and behold! There was a table, spread with all sorts of good things, coming towards her. The table held a great roasted goose, steaming vegetables, and fruit and pudding. Just before it reached her, however, the match flickered into darkness. Who could blame the little match girl for now taking out a third match and striking it?

This time it was a tall Christmas tree that greeted her in the light. It was hung with sparkling things and lighted by many candles. She stretched out her hands to them to catch them, but—once more her match would not last. As its light died away there seemed to fall around her sparks like so many stars dropping through the darkness.

Then the little girl remembered something that her old grandmother had told her. This old woman was the only one in the world who had ever been kind to her, and she had told her that when a star shot through the heavens some soul was taking its way to God.

Once more the little girl struck a match. This time it was Grandmother herself who stood before her. When the little match girl saw her she began to sob.

"Oh, Grandmother!" she cried. "When you go take me with you. I know that you will disappear just as the stove and the table and the Christmas tree disappeared."

With feverish fingers she struck one by one all the remaining matches in her bundle, so that her grandmother might stay that much longer. Strangely enough, the old woman came nearer and nearer, and grew clearer and more clear. At last she put out her arms and gathered the child into them. Then together they rose through the air and sailed ever high and higher into a world where there was no snow, no cold, no hunger and no heartache.

The match-selling and the beatings were all over for the poor little girl.

Early next morning some one passing found a thin waif of a girl in a light dress, with feet and hands bare, frozen to death in the corner between the two houses. On the child's lips, however, there was a smile. It was the smile with which the little match girl had gone to her grandmother's protecting arms.

Beside her lay what was left of the matches, and people who saw her said, "She struck the matches to warm herself."

None of them knew of the wonder-world that the matches had brought her, or of the happiness that she took away with her in the end.

When March Winds Blow

WHEN March winds blow,
The trees sing low
Of how the Spring will soon be here.
Then may we know
That soon will show
Green grass beneath skies blue and clear.

When March winds blow
Where flowers sleep
In woodland dells so dark and deep;
The world may know
That soon will peep
Blue violets. Then birds will "cheep."

When March winds blow
The rains will fall,
And all the world will hear Spring's call;
Then brooks will flow,
The worms will crawl,
And life will wake for one and all.

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

X. PYGMALION AND GALATEA

IN ancient Greece there was a god who lived on the earth as the ruler of a small kingdom. He was called Pygmalion, and he was a sculptor. His beautiful statues, carved out of blocks of marble and pieces of ivory, were known all over the country. Pygmalion lived alone. He had never married, because he disliked women. This dislike grew with the years, and he became more and more absorbed in his art, giving his whole heart and mind to it.

One night he dreamed, and in the dream he saw a woman of surpassing beauty. In every detail she seemed perfect. Even in his dream, Pygmalion knew that he must create this wonderful figure in marble. His first thought on getting awake was to find material as nearly flawless as possible.

Day and night he labored, scarcely eating at all, and sleeping very little. Day by day, as his chisel fell upon the marble, the wonderful image grew. It was a full-sized woman that he was making, and she was perfection itself in both face and form.

Pygmalion became entirely absorbed in the figure he was carving. Gradually, a strange thing began to happen. The sculptor found himself wishing that this was not a marble woman, but a real one. Here at last was a woman he could love, and he longed to have life enter into her.

By and by the statue was done. Pygmalion could not bring himself to leave it. He pretended that it was alive; he gave it a name, Galatea; and he had a purple couch built on which the beautiful woman in stone might lie. He never worked any more; he spent all his time gazing at the cold image of Galatea and wishing that he might kiss her into life.

Then a wonderful thing came to pass. The feast of Venus, the goddess of love, came around. Pygmalion had to help his people celebrate it. He made a special prayer for himself—and the prayer was that he might find a woman exactly like his marble statue and have her for his wife.

Venus took pity on him and decided to help him. She finally made up her mind to change the stone image into a living, breathing woman. Therefore, when Pygmalion returned home, after one of the days spent in celebration, he was astounded to find, asleep on the

PYGMALION AND GALATEA

purple couch, a beautiful woman who actually breathed. More than that, this woman was exactly like the statue he had made, except that she was flesh instead of marble.

While Pygmalion stood gazing down on her, scarcely able to believe his eyes, she awoke. She looked up at him, and in that instant they loved each other very dearly. Pygmalion helped her up, and they talked over the wonderful event together.

They were married shortly after, and we are given to understand that they were very happy. They had one son, who later became known among the Greek heroes.

IN April all the world awakes,
And Spring her triumph holds;
The Sun his boldest bow then makes,
And in his arms the earth enfolds.

The crocuses lift smiling heads;
The violets shed their tears of dew;
The fairy host on green turf treads;
The birds their friendships all renew.

The children, too, are glad and gay;
They sing and frolic all the day.
Now comes the time for care-free play,
As Spring steps forth in bright array.

THE FIRST OF THE GREAT ENGLISH POETS

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

THE first great book of poetry to be written in English was *The Canterbury Tales,* by Geoffrey Chaucer. This poet was born in London, about 1340. He was the son of a man of good connections, and he received an excellent education for that time.

He lived in the days when Edward III was king of England, and we can imagine him, a boy of perhaps sixteen, standing in the street in London, watching the Black Prince go by with the captive king of France.

Just about that time he became a page in the household of one of the king's daughters-in-law; and in this service he learned the graces of a courtier, which clung to him all his life and made it possible for him to mingle with people of any rank.

Chaucer served also as a soldier. Later, he was one of the king's most trusted followers and was sent on a mission to Italy. There he became acquainted with the works of Dante and other Italian poets. It was through the influence of this Italian trip that he became ambitious to be a poet.

When he returned to England he was given a position by the king which gave him time to write. Then Edward died, and for a while Chaucer was very poor and out of favor at the king's court. His fortunes improved, however, and he died—in 1400—a fairly rich man.

MASTER CHAUCER

THE REEVE

Our pictures of Chaucer show him short and stout, with a funny little beard and a face that makes one smile. He was a very cheerful person, we are told, and got a good deal of pleasure out of life. Though he lived so much in cities, yet he loved the country with a great and passionate love. He writes that he would fall upon his knees before a Spring flower—so wonderful an appeal did it make to him.

Chaucer's book, *The Canterbury Tales,* is really a number of stories. In the first part of it he explains how the stories came to be told.

In those days men and women would make journeys to sacred places. One was Canterbury Cathedral. These "pilgrims," as they were called, sometimes rode on horses and sometimes walked. On this particular journey a band of pilgrims met at a quaint little hotel, called "The Tabard Inn." There were twenty-nine of them, and some of them were as follows: a Knight, a Prioress, a Monk, a Merchant, a Carpenter, a Weaver, a Cook, a Sailor, a Doctor, and a Parson. The poet himself was supposed to be one of them.

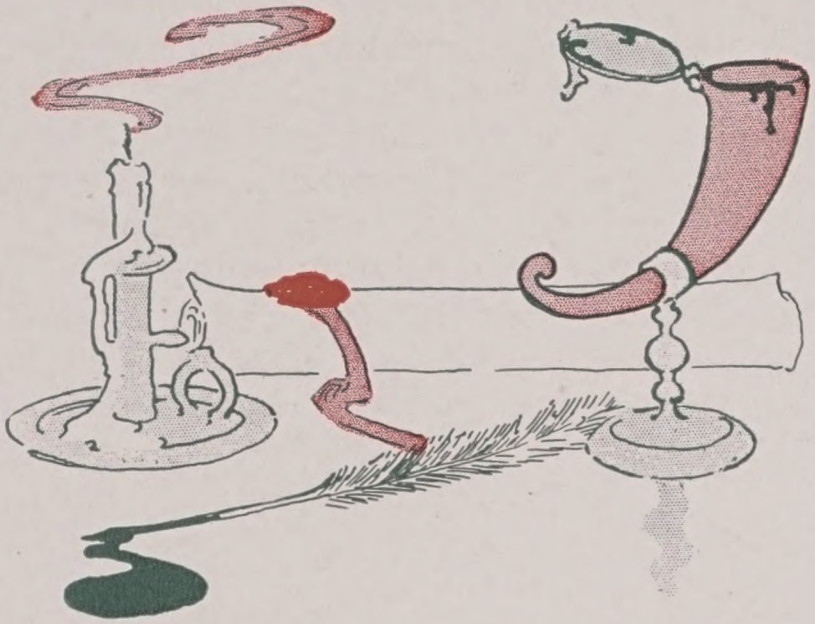
Now, the man who kept the Tabard Inn set forth a plan to these pilgrims. He told them that in order to pass the time away on the journey, each should tell some kind of tale. The one who told the best tale should have a supper at the inn when they came back from Canterbury.

So it came about that each told a story, and these stories are related by Chaucer in very delightful verses.

THE COOK OF LONDON

THE SQUIRE

Boys and girls would find *The Canterbury Tales* hard to read, because Chaucer wrote them in the language of fourteenth-century England. Some day, however, the readers of this story will get a great deal of pleasure out of reading this quaint, queer, old book that contains so much beautiful verse by the first real poet of England.



A POET'S POET

EDMUND SPENSER

ALMOST two hundred years after Geoffrey Chaucer made his famous journey to Italy, a poet, well known at the court of Queen Elizabeth, left London to go to Ireland, to live there. The poet was Edmund Spenser, who wrote "The Shephearde's Calendar" and "The Faerie Queene."

Spenser was born in London in about 1553. His people were poor, but he managed to go to school. He even went to Cambridge University and completed a course there.

He was not a healthy lad, and he did a good deal of dreaming. He also read much and studied even more. He learned all about Greek and Roman and Italian literature. He was in love with the poetry of Chaucer.

When he left college he went to the country. There he wrote "The Shephearde's Calendar."

One of the bravest men, and one of the handsomest, at the brilliant court of Queen Elizabeth, was Sir Philip Sidney. He himself was a poet, and he became friends with Edmund Spenser. Because Sidney was rich he could help Spenser, and this he did.

Spenser visited often at "Penshurst," where Sidney lived. It was at "Penshurst," in fact, that he really wrote his first important poetry. Sidney was delighted with it.

When "The Shephearde's Calendar" was published it made a big stir in London. People said that another Chaucer had appeared.

Spenser was now appointed secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and went with him to live in the Emerald Isle. For some years after this he had to work very hard, because Ireland was one great battlefield. It was an unhappy time and the poet was very glad when he was given a large estate in County Cork, where he could sit down in peace and comfort to write.

In Ireland Spenser started "The Faerie Queene." When he had three books of this very long poem finished, he read it to Sir Walter Raleigh. Spenser and Raleigh were close friends, and Raleigh thought "The Faerie Queene" ought to be published at once.

The two men went to London together, and Spenser was warmly received. He was now looked upon as the greatest English poet, with only Chaucer to be compared to him.

Unfortunately, just about this time Raleigh fell into disgrace at court. Spenser was now left to get along as best he could. Finding everything unfavorable, he soon went back to Ireland. There he married, and wrote some more great poetry, among it three additional books of "The Faerie Queene."

It is said that he intended to make twelve books of it, but war broke out again in Ireland, and Spenser's home was destroyed. He fled to England. His health, however, was poor, and he soon died. It is believed that he really starved to death.

"The Shephearde's Calendar" consists of one poem for every month of the year. Spenser himself is the shepherd, and the poems are the songs that he is supposed to sing. There is a little of everything in them, but much of the verse is really beautiful.

"The Faerie Queene" is all about a beautiful queen known as Gloriana. This is supposed to be Queen Elizabeth. The people around Gloriana are said to represent different friends and enemies of Elizabeth. The six books have each a Christian virtue for its theme, and they take up Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy.

Spenser is in truth a poet of the poets. His beautiful way of saying things makes music for the ear. He paints all kinds of splendid pictures in his verses, and when we read his poetry we cannot help loving it.

Lady Jane Gray

THE death of Henry VIII brought to the throne of England a boy ten years of age. He was the son of Henry and Jane Seymour, and he was a weak, sickly lad, easily persuaded by his advisors to do anything they wanted done.

At Henry's death England was strongly Protestant. Edward VI was a Protestant king, and his ministers urged him to sweep away from sight everything that even reminded them of Roman Catholicism. Therefore, images, pictures and fine glass windows in the churches were destroyed. A new "Prayer Book," no longer in Latin, but in English, was published, and this the people were made to use.

Edward did not grow stronger as he grew older. He really had consumption. When he was fifteen years old it was known that he could not live much longer.

Then it was that his most important adviser, the Duke of Northumberland, tried to turn the king's mind toward an heir to the throne. The Princess Mary, daughter of King Henry VIII and his first wife,—and Edward's oldest sister,—was really the successor. Mary, however, was Catholic, and so Northumberland told the young king that he must not let her become queen.

Edward had a charming young cousin, Lady Jane Grey. She was married to Northumberland's son. That was the reason, of

course, that Northumberland thought of her as the best person to become ruler of England; for he felt sure that he could be the real king if his daughter-in-law were the queen in name.

While poor little Edward lay dying, Northumberland prevailed upon him to make a will naming Lady Jane Grey his heir.

Three days after the king's death, Lady Jane was proclaimed the queen of England. We are very sorry for her, for she did not want to be queen. She knew that her cousin Mary had the first right to the throne and she begged that they would not crown her. Northumberland, however, insisted that she do as he wished—and as the king had said.

Lady Jane was very young and very beautiful. She was queen of England for just eleven days. Then the people who wanted Mary for queen—and who hated Northumberland—rose up in their might. Northumberland had to run away, and after he had gone they took the sad little queen to the Tower of London. There they killed her, though she was innocent of any wrong. She suffered simply because her father-in-law wanted power.

Now, of course, Princess Mary became queen. Mary was a Catholic, and soon the new prayer books were destroyed and the old Latin ones forced upon the people. When any one would refuse to become a Roman Catholic, Mary would have him or her burned in a public place. Mary herself believed that she was doing right. She was sick most of the time and álways unhappy. She married Philip, the King of Spain, who treated her cruelly and deserted her. She got into a war with France and suffered defeat.

At last she died, leaving behind her an England filled with sorrow because of the terrible things she had done in the name of religion.

The new queen of England was Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. Elizabeth was as strongly Protestant as her sister Mary had been Catholic.

NATURE

SPRING IS HERE!

TIS Spring! No one needs to be told. The shrill, happy voices of the children as they run joyously out from school proclaim the glad tidings. The first bird-notes retell the story, and the soft shoots of green that peep from the ground and cover the boughs of the trees give still further evidence of the truth of the statement: Spring is here!

In the city the parks have been empty. Now they are filled with frolicking children and smiling older people. The windows of the houses have been shut, but now they are open; people everywhere are letting in the warm, buoyant sunshine and the fresh, fragrant Spring air. Those who shuddered when the wind howled in the long Winter nights, now welcome the gentle, balmy breezes that bring the bird's song and the first promises of Summer.

Out in the country, the brown and yellow fields are getting into new, bright green clothes. The big, bare branches of the trees are covered over with fine, feathery pale green foliage. Down in the glades the purple violets lift their little faces from among the deep green leaves, and the woods are pink and blue and purple with the hepatica, the anemone,

the Spring beauty, and the delicate arbutus tucked away under the moss.

Only a short while ago the brooks were ice-covered and silent. Now they flow free and they sing their freedom song. Down by the water's edge the sweet-smelling, waxen-white narcissus lifts its head proudly to the blue sky. It is said that Narcissus, a Greek youth and very beautiful, had been hunting all day in the forest with a group of other youths. He strayed away from his companions, and before he realized it he had lost them. During his search for them he chanced to pass a fountain. The water looked good, and he was thirsty. He knelt down to take a drink of it. What was his surprise to see a beautiful face looking up at him from the water! He thought it a nymph or a water-sprite, and he spoke to it. "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," he said; "come out of the fountain and be my bride. I will always love and cherish you."

The face smiled, but there came no answer. The youth coaxed and pleaded in vain. Day after day he leaned over the edge of the fountain and begged the beautiful creature to come to him or at least speak to him. He did not eat, nor would he drink. At last he died, whether of starvation or of grief we cannot say. He never realized that the face in the water was his own face reflected there as in a mirror. When his friends, looking

for him, reached the fountain, they found a beautiful white flower blooming there. They called it "narcissus."

All during the months of snow and cold and ice, the woods have been very quiet. Only the wind whistling through the trees made any noise, for the flowers and the animals were asleep, while the birds were away visiting.

Now, however, everything is alive and bustling. The birds, returned, are chirping merrily; the flowers have a method of speaking, all their own; the fresh young leaves on the trees are full of whisperings, for the light Spring winds have come to gossip with them.

Here a rabbit chases through the thick brush; again, a squirrel scurries up some tree trunk; the insects buzz, and there is a general hum of "get busy, get busy!"—for the Spring is here!

Spring means new life, new garments, new energy for work, and new desire for play. It means everything that is bright and happy and full of the joy of living.

In the Spring the gardens begin to grow, and the seeds in the fields shoot up, promising the harvest of grain. Everything in the Spring is young, and, being young, without care or sadness or blight. If we could keep Spring in our hearts, then would we always be young, and full of life and joyousness!

MASTER WILL SHAKESPEARE

AND

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

IN a picturesque little town in England, called Stratford-on-Avon, we find a strange-looking, small, low house, that is known as "Shakespeare's Birthplace." It is a very neat little house, all scrubbed and polished, and at its back is a beautiful garden. Inside we find a bust that is marked "Shakespeare," some pictures and books, and a lady, who tells us that in this house, most likely on April 23, 1564, William Shakespeare, the greatest of all the English poets, was born.

It was not, very probably, a clean little house in those days. The small boy who learned to walk and talk there was just an ordinary child, in the home of a man who made gloves and sold them, along with leather and wool.

The boy went to a school in the town. We have reason to believe that he did not like school. All around Stratford there were beautiful woodlands, and the boys of the section could go fishing and swimming in the most lovely places.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

Shakespeare's father was a man fairly well-off until William was about thirteen years old. Then troubles came, and the lad had to go to work. Just what he did we are not told; we have our doubts about his being altogether steady, for he must have been dreaming some of his poetry even then.

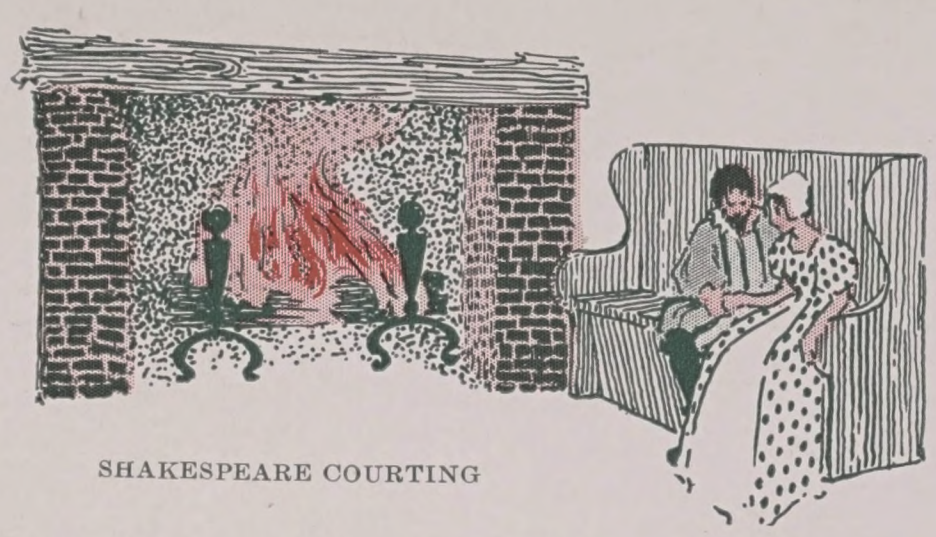
THE BOY SHAKESPEARE

Young Shakespeare fell in love with a girl eight years older than himself. When we visit Stratford we take a little trip, a mile or so away from the town, and come to a tiny cottage with a thatched roof, at Shottery. The cottage nestles in a beautiful old English garden, and the flowers are wonderful. To this little house came William Shakespeare, most likely a good-looking young fellow and able to talk in a charming way. On the fireside settle in the cottage, and in the woods around the house, he wooed Anne Hathaway and won her.

They were married for less than three years, however, when Shakespeare suddenly left Stratford and went up to London. It is said that he was caught poaching on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy, not far from Stratford, and that he went away to escape punishment. Maybe this was so, or maybe not, but certainly he would have gone to London, anyway; for in the great city there were opportunities for an ambitious young man to do well.

Of the first seven years of Shakespeare's life in London, we know nothing. Somehow or other he became interested in the theatre. He began as an actor. The theatres in those days were very odd. There were two of them just outside of London. Women were not allowed to act. In fact, very few women were allowed to go to the theatres at all. It is possible that Shakespeare began by taking the part of a nice, young boy, for we think that he must have been rather handsome, and everybody agrees that he was well liked.

Just when Shakespeare himself began to write plays is another thing that nobody is very clear about. Write, though, he did, and many things, too. In 1593 his poem called "Venus and Adonis" was published. Another poem followed this, and then came a number of plays: "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "A Comedy of Errors," "Love's



SHAKESPEARE COURTING

Labour's Lost," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Richard II," "Richard III," "Henry IV," "King John," "Titus Andronicus" and "Romeo and Juliet."

All London was stirred by the arrival of this new poet. He made friends with people in high places; he spent many gay hours in the old Mermaid Tavern with another poet, Ben Jonson, and still another, Michael Drayton. He went into partnership with two men and built a new theatre, known as the Globe, and here his many plays were acted. He himself acted in them and managed them, as well.

SHAKESPEARE IN LONDON

Shakespeare was not the kind of poet who spends his money recklessly. He was very practical and business-like. He made money and he saved it. He made up his mind that when he had enough to live on without working, he would go back to Stratford and live there as a country gentleman.

Therefore, in about 1605, Shakespeare bought the best house in Stratford, called "New Place," and went there to live. From then until his death he was a peaceable, highly respected, influential citizen of the town. His friends came from London to visit him and he enjoyed a wonderful quiet and rest.

In 1616, on April 23, Shakespeare died. He was buried in the parish church. When we go to Stratford we see a beautiful church, with a tall spire, standing on the banks of the River Avon. Very quietly we go into the church, and are taken straight up to the altar. There, up in the wall, on one side, is set a bust of the

poet, and on the floor are the flat stones that mark his grave and the graves of his family.

Years after the death of the poet, a memorial theatre was erected in Stratford-on-Avon. In that theatre have been gathered together all kinds of relics by which the world may remember William Shakespeare.

Every boy and girl should see some of the Shakespeare plays produced. We have them given nowadays with beautiful scenery and wonderful light effects. Back in London, in the late fifteen-hundreds, there was a crude stage, with a curtain, and sometimes a painted background that served for all the scenes. A sign was put up to say: "This scene is the Forest of Arden;" or, "This scene is Venice, a street." We laugh at these things today, because we have given to Shakespeare something which he most likely never dreamed of—great theatres, fine scenery and furniture appropriate to the play. It is the big test of how much worth-while the plays of the Stratford poet are, that they are being given year in and year out; that every actor who aims to be great has the ambition to play as some Shakespearean character.

THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

XI. ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

ORPHEUS was a young Greek whose father was the god Apollo, but whose mother was a mortal. Therefore, Orpheus was part god and part man. When he was still a small boy, Apollo, who, you will remember, was the god of music as well as the god of light, gave a golden lyre to his beautiful little son. The lyre is a small stringed instrument, very much like a baby harp, and it makes very sweet music. Apollo taught the boy to play on it, and never before had there been such a wonderful player as Orpheus proved to be. He was a born musician, and was also a poet. It is said that every one who heard Orpheus play was enchanted; when he went out into the woods and played among the trees, the animals followed him, and became gentle instead of fierce, while the trees and the very rocks seemed to feel the power of his music.

In the woods there lived a beautiful nymph. She was called Eurydice, and Orpheus fell in love with her. He played to her, telling her all his love in exquisite music, and Eurydice promised to be his wife.

For a while Orpheus and Eurydice lived very happily together. She was a sweet woman and was devoted to her musical husband. They lived in the forest, and made friends with the birds and the beasts, and their days were filled with song and flowers.

Then one day, as Eurydice wandered through the woodland, a shepherd saw her. He fell in love with her and wanted her to let him kiss her. Eurydice was frightened, for she did not know just where Orpheus was. She started to run away from the strange shepherd, but he ran after her. While she was running she stepped

on a poisonous snake, which was hidden in the grass, and the snake bit her so that she died.

When Orpheus learned what had happened to his wife he was mad with grief. The only comfort he found was in his music, and he went everywhere playing out his sorrow on his lyre, until both gods and men began to be weary of his lamenting. When he saw that no one seemed able or willing to help him, he decided to go to the world of the dead.

You will recall that the king of the underworld, which was called Hades, was Pluto, and that the wife of Pluto was Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres. Orpheus found a cave which had an entrance into the kingdom of Pluto, and he went through this cave into the other world. All around him he saw the ghosts or spirits of those who had died. Some were happy and many were sad. Orpheus played on his lyre and caused some of them to feel a little better. At last he reached the very heart of Hades, and there came into the presence of Pluto, seated on his throne, with his wife, Proserpine, beside him. Orpheus told them his story and begged King Pluto to give his wife back to him. He shed many tears as he plead with the king, and then he played for them. His music was more beautiful than any they had ever heard, and both the king and the queen felt very sorry for this handsome young man and wished to aid him.

Orpheus wanted to die, too, if that was the only way by which he could again meet his wife. At last Pluto was moved to summon Eurydice from among the ghosts, and now he promised Orpheus that his wife might go back to the earth with him on one condition. It was this: that Orpheus should go first and Eurydice follow after him, but Orpheus must not once look behind him to see if his wife was coming after him. If he so much as glanced backward before they reached the entrance to the upper world, Eurydice would once more be taken from him.

With great rejoicing, Orpheus promised to obey. As he left King Pluto he played sweet music and sang. Eurydice, still limping from her sore foot, went after him. The way was often hard and rugged, and all the while poor Orpheus was fearful lest some danger come to his wife. But he kept on bravely for a long part of the way. Just before they reached the entrance to the upper world, however, Orpheus felt that he must make sure that Eurydice was with him. He gave one quick look backward. In that instant Eurydice was snatched away, and though they stretched their arms toward each other and tried to reach each other, it was of no use. Orpheus himself was lifted up and carried straight back to the earth, and the

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE IN HADES

entrance into the kingdom of Pluto was closed against him. He tried again and again to get back, but he never succeeded.

Orpheus remained faithful to Eurydice all his life. The women of Thrace, who were considered very beautiful, tried to win his love. They wanted him to marry one of them. He would not have anything to do with them, but played out his sorrow for the loss of Eurydice day after day. This made the women who knew him angry, and one day, when there had been a great feast, they tried to kill him. One of them threw a spear at him, as he stood playing. The spear glanced away and did no harm. Then they threw stones at him, but the stones did not hurt him, for all the while he went on playing. Then the women became desperate, and they fell upon him, flinging his lyre from him. Among them they killed him. After that they threw his body and his lyre into the river. Jupiter saw the instrument and picked it up. He set it in the sky, up among the stars, where it is said to be to this day.

The spirit of Orpheus, of course, went to the underworld. There, after a little, it found the spirit of Eurydice. Now they were happy, and were able to spend all their time together. In this way Orpheus at last got his wish to die and go to be forever with the woman that he so loved.

LITTLE VISITS TO FAMOUS PLACES

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

MOTHER had taken Jack and me for a short trip to Florida, just after the Christmas holidays. Of course we enjoyed every bit of it, as we went running around from one small town to another. Most of all, though, I liked the quaint little city of St. Augustine. Strangely enough, there does not seem to be one thing in it that suggests America. It is just as if some one had carried over a picturesque little city from Spain and had set it down in the heart of the United States. As we got off the train from Jacksonville we were surrounded by a number of carriages, the queerest-looking objects that you can imagine. They were drawn by two horses, and had two seats with backs of brightly colored oak. In the front seat of each sat a black driver, with frock coat and high hat of tan to match his carriage. As one of these stepped forward to us, he bowed courteously and removed his hat, saying: "Ya'as, missis, ya'as; only sev'ty-five cents to see the whole city."

PONCE DE LEON

Into his carriage we stepped, and he started off at a brisk trot. First of all, the houses of the wealthy people of the town were pointed out to us. Then our attention was called to the two large hotels, the Ponce de Leon and the Alcazar, both palatial in appearance and surrounded by wonderful gardens. A few minutes later we turned into a small street, and stopped before an old church built of coquina shells and filled with a wonderful air of solemnity and dignity. This is one of the oldest churches in America. Still later we stopped before the door of an old, old house, on a very narrow street. This is the ancient Spanish Mission Building, and is the oldest building

in the United States. We were admitted into the place with all due ceremony, and were shown through the rooms, each one containing relics and being rich in memories of the past. This building was erected by the monks of Saint Francis, and they used it as a chapel until 1590. It is built, as we have said, of the coquina shells, and for many years was the only building in existence made out of this material. One sees the coquina shell, however, in every corner of St. Augustine. They are small shells found in the soil and along the coast, almost as plentiful as sand. With their attractive shapes and pale, beautiful colorings, they make a very good-looking as well as substantial building material. In the old Mission House is the cradle in which Washington and all of his brothers and sisters were rocked to sleep, and the bed in which our first President slept. There are chairs of all periods, and from all parts of the world, gathered here, with pieces of rare old brass, porcelain, mahogany and rosewood. Wherever we went, we heard: "This is a wishing chair. Sit on it and never grow old;" or, "Sit on it and make a wish," until Jack said: "Really, mother, there seem to be nothing but wishing places in this house." Out in the garden is the wishing well, at which we were allowed three wishes. Close by grows the "money vine"! Here we picked a leaf and were told to carry it in our purses, and so increase our money threefold.

After we returned to the carriage and started off, we rode for a while through many beautiful streets, until at last we were brought to the mysterious "Fountain of Youth."

Hundreds of years ago Ponce de Leon, the Spanish explorer, set out, as you may know, to find a fountain the water of which would insure everlasting life. Through the help of the Indians, he found a spring which the red men told him was the one he sought, and it is this same fountain that we see in Florida.

I had always imagined this "Fountain of Perpetual Youth," as it has been called, to be something extremely beautiful, and had expected to find its waters gushing upward in wonderful sprays. To my astonishment, I found it nothing more than a well. It is preserved now by a little shelter built around it. A man stands beside it, and gives the visitor a glass of its water for twenty-five cents. Mother afterward remarked that she thought some one ought to give a person twenty-five cents for drinking it, instead of asking payment for it, which shows you that it is not the best-tasting water in the world. Close to the well is an old cross made by the followers of Ponce de Leon. It was placed there in 1513, and the remarkable thing about it is that it is composed of fifteen stones running lengthwise and thirteen stones running across. For many years this cross

lay buried; then its existence was revealed in a letter, and it was unearthed.

After leaving the "Fountain of Youth" we went out to see a splendid orange grove, one of the more recent features of the city. On our way we passed the colored settlement of St. Augustine. Here the black people are kept isolated from the white people, and live a clean, happy life, with homes that they own themselves, in a community where they have their own stores and schools and amusement places.

The orange grove made me long to walk through it and pick orange after orange, eating them right there on the spot. Nothing is more inviting to the appetite than an orange grove, nor can anything of its kind be more beautiful. The big, yellow fruit mingles with the shining dark green leaves, and makes one think of Christmas trees covered with golden balls.

From the orange grove we went on to the "Alligator Farm," and this we would not have missed for the world! Here live thousands and thousands of real, live alligators, of all kinds and sizes. Did you ever know that these animals live sometimes until they are almost a thousand years of age? They are heavy, clumsy things, with very little real energy. Their laziness makes you want to prod them with a stick, and this is about the only way that the larger ones can be forced to move. There was one called Ponce de Leon, several hundred years old; and one known as Jack, almost as old. Then there were the squirmy little ones, thousands of them, wriggling around together like so many snakes.

By this time we had to return for our late lunch; so we hurried back to the center of the city. After lunch we walked to Fort Marion, another historic feature of great interest. When this fort was first built it was made of wood, and was, of course, easily destructible. It was called San Juan de Pinos. Then it was burned down by invaders. At the close of the seventeenth century a new fort, the present Fort Marion, was built of coquina shells. Its entrance opens into a large, square court. Here, during the invasion of the English, over fifteen hundred people were huddled together, with all their domestic animals, food and necessary household articles. On one side of the court is the dungeon, composed of several rooms. Here people were tortured to death, for there no air or sunlight penetrates the darkness. When the dungeon was discovered, many years later, two skeletons were found chained to cages, and this inner dungeon was plastered up with a wall several feet in thickness. Three fruitless attempts were made upon the fort by the English; at last the leaders went home, disgusted. Later,

some Americans tried to capture it, but they also failed in the effort. In 1762 Florida was given to Great Britain in exchange for Cuba, and then, of course, the English took the fort. In 1784 Spain regained Florida by giving up the Bahama Islands. Again the city of St. Augustine became the home of Spaniards. Then, in 1821, Spain yielded Florida to the United States in exchange for five millions of dollars, under a treaty of cession. The fact that Florida, and St. Augustine in particular, belonged to Spain for so long, accounts for its being more like a Spanish city in appearance than an American.

All of these facts were told to us in an interesting way by an old guide who accompanied us through the fort.

We have not spoken of the old city wall. The Spaniards built this shortly after the old fort, but all that remains of it are the city gates. They are huge things, fully thirty feet high, and mark the entrance to the newer parts of St. Augustine.

When we boarded the train for Jacksonville again that night we went with a feeling of sadness; for there seemed to be so many things of marvel in St. Augustine, that we felt the day had been too short for us to see them all as intimately as we wished.

MEMORIAL DAY

MEMORIAL DAY means just what it says: a day of memory, or a day for remembering; in this case, a day for remembering those who died for a good and great cause. That cause was the freedom of slaves in our United States and the preservation of the Union, whose life was threatened.

In the war which we know as the Civil War, men gave up their lives for the sake of their convictions. Many of those who fought

had been friends in childhood; some were cousins who had romped and played together in days gone by; and sometimes even fathers and sons and brothers did battle on opposite sides. It was one of the saddest wars in all history, because it was fought between people of the same race and nation, by men who had for years been governed by the same laws, which they themselves had made. It was a period of upheaval. Thousands of lives were lost; and it is in deference to the bravery of these men, both of the North and the South, that one day in the year, in this country, has been set apart to honor them.

Sometimes this day, which falls on the thirtieth of May, is called "Decoration Day," because it is then that the graves of our nation's dead heroes are decorated with flowers and with flags. For several days before Memorial Day the school children are asked to bring plants and flags; these are gathered together and are taken to the different cemeteries in which Civil War soldiers have been buried.

To the little handful of men still living, who fought in that terrible war, this day means much more than it can possibly mean to any one else. For it brings back recollections of the friends with whom they fought side by side; it recalls experiences of a time of horror and strife; and often it brings thankfulness for their own good fortune in having escaped death on a battlefield.

Many of our veteran soldiers find happiness in going around from one place to another on Memorial Day, telling of the great struggle and of the part they played in it. They, too, go to the graves of their dead comrades, and bow their heads in sorrow as they remember how this one or that one fell while in action, or died in some rough hospital from wounds received in one of the big battles.

Our old soldiers, those who survived the Civil War, have been organized into what we know as the Grand Army of the Republic, and each year as many of them as are able come together in some one place to renew old acquaintances and to talk over old memories. Most of those who still live were scarcely more than boys when they fought in the great war; now that they are old men, they are proud to know that they once offered their lives, as well as their best services, for the sake of the land they love.

FAVORITE FAIRY TALES RETOLD

HANSEL AND GRETEL

From "Grimm's Tales"

NEAR the edge of a dense forest lived a poor woodcutter and his two children. The man had married a second time, so that the boy and girl—Hansel and Gretel—had a stepmother. The woodcutter was never prosperous, but he had always managed to feed his family, until there came a terrible famine. Then he found himself unable to earn bread for himself and his wife, to say nothing of his two healthy children. One night, after the children had gone to bed, the woodcutter sighed and said: "What can we do? How can we feed the children when we ourselves have almost nothing?"

"I know," said the wife. "Tomorrow, before the sun is up, we will take the children out into the forest to gather wood. After a while we will build a fire and let them sit down and eat a little bread. In the meantime, we will leave them. They can never find their way out by themselves."

"No; we can never do that," said the poor husband. "My heart would break at losing my dear children, who would probably be eaten up by wild beasts."

"You are very foolish to let us all starve, as we shall do," replied the wife. All night long she worried him with her plans, and at last he had to give in.

The two children, in bed, had, however, heard the words of their parents. Gretel began to cry with fear, but Hansel said: "Never mind, little sister; I'll take care of you, and we shall find a way to save ourselves."

After his parents had gone to sleep, Hansel got up, opened the door softly and stole out. He stooped down and, by the light of the brightly shining moon, gathered a pocketful of white pebbles. Then he crept quietly back and patted Gretel's arm. "All is well, sister; I know now what to do. So go to sleep and pray God to take care of us."

Before sunrise, the stepmother came to the two children and cried: "Get up, lazybones! We are going out into the forest to gather wood." Then she gave each a small portion of bread and they started off.

As Hansel went along he kept looking back at the house, until his father said: "Come, hurry up, son! Why do you linger?" As a matter of fact, Hansel was scattering pebbles by the way.

At last they reached the middle of the forest, and their father said: "Now, children, get busy! Gather some sticks, and I will light a fire." So Hansel and Gretel collected a nice pile of kindling wood, and the woodcutter lighted it. Then the stepmother said: "Now, lie down by the fire, while we chop some wood. We will soon return for you."

HANSEL AND GRETEL IN THE WITCH'S HOUSE

Hansel and his sister did as they were told. At noon they ate their lunch and a little later fell asleep. When they awoke it was night, and Gretel began at once to cry. Hansel said: "Wait for the moon, and we can easily see the pebbles." So they waited, and, sure enough, by following the pebbles, they arrived home early next morning. The stepmother was very angry and blamed them for sleeping. But she again began to coax her husband to lose the children. Once more Hansel overheard their plans. He did not dare to use stones again, so this time he scattered bits of bread as he went. On this occasion they went much deeper into the wood. Once again the children fell asleep and awoke after it was dark, but Hansel was not afraid. He knew that when the moon arose he could easily find his way back by means of the crumbs.

Sad to say, however, when the moon did come up, Hansel discovered that his bread was gone. The birds had eaten it all up. Now the children were frightened and wandered through the forest, trying to find their way out. But it was all in vain. At last they grew so weary that they just had to lie down and rest. After a while they started up again, but the more they walked, the deeper into the forest they seemed to go. While they were hesitating, they saw, up in a tree, a beautiful, snow-white bird. The bird looked down upon them, then spread his wings as if motioning them to follow him. The two children did so, and reached a small house, on the roof of which the bird alighted. As the children drew near they saw that the house was made all of candy. They were so hungry by this time that they stopped and broke off a piece of the roof. Then, all at once, they heard a thin, squeaky voice cry:

"Nibble, nibble and munch—
Who's eating my cottage for lunch?"

The children were frightened, but answered: "It is only the wind."

Suddenly the door flew open, and out came the queerest-looking woman imaginable. She was all bent and wrinkled, and was very old. Seeing Hansel and Gretel, she said: "Why! my dear children, how glad I am to see you! Come in and I will take care of you." Then she took them in and fed them with all sorts of good things. After that she undressed them and put them into two tiny white beds.

The old woman was, however, a wicked old witch, and she had trapped the children in order to eat them.

The next morning she went to the beds and looked them over carefully. Then she seized Hansel and carried him off to a little cage and locked him in. The boy screamed, but it was of no use.

She merely returned to Gretel and commanded her to get up and bring some water. She then prepared food for Hansel, for he was to be fattened up so that she could make a meal of him!

Thereafter Hansel was fed with all kinds of dainties, while Gretel was given only scraps. Early each morning the old witch came to the cage and cried: "Put out your finger, so I can feel how fat you are."

Hansel soon learned that the old woman was almost blind, so each time he took a bone and held it out to her. Of course, this made it appear that he was not getting any fatter. Finally, the old woman became impatient, and one day she said: "Get some water, Gretel; I will eat Hansel today, be he fat or be he lean!"

Then Gretel cried and cried, and prayed for help.

"We will bake first," said the witch. So she lighted the fire, and soon there came a hot blaze. "Crawl in and see if the oven is hot enough," she then said to Gretel. This was an attempt to get Gretel in, to roast her too. Gretel realized what was intended, and said: "The oven door is too narrow. How can I get through?"

"You goose!" answered the witch. "It's quite big enough. Why, look, I can get in myself!"

No sooner had she put her head into the oven, however, than Gretel gave her a violent push, so that she went right in. Then the little girl locked the oven up tightly, and left the old witch to burn. She went at once to Hansel, crying: "We are free! We are free!" and unbolted the cage door.

The children hugged each other with joy, after which they decided to look over the place. Upstairs they found trunks and chests filled with precious stones and gold and silver. Hansel stuffed his pockets, and Gretel her apron, and then they set off. They came to a lake after a while, but could not get across. A white duck came sailing along, and Gretel cried: "Pretty Duck, please take us over?" So the duck obligingly came up and carried them over on his back, one at a time. Then they walked on and on, for some distance, and, strangely enough, things around them appeared to grow more familiar. Suddenly they realized that they were almost home, and then they saw their father's cottage. At once they started to run, and glad indeed was the poor woodcutter when first he saw them! He had missed them sorely, and had regretted his cruelty. The stepmother had died while they were gone, and now, with all their wealth, they could live happily.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

XI. ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

YOU have been told that after the death of Queen Mary, her half-sister, Elizabeth, came to the throne of England. Mary, who was the daughter of Henry VIII and Katherine of Aragon, was a Catholic, but Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, Henry's second wife, was a Protestant.

The childhood of Elizabeth was not an altogether happy one. Her father's numerous marriages made it hard at times for Elizabeth to know just what she was. At one moment she was called Princess Elizabeth; at another time her father would practically disown her and order that she was to be considered simply as Lady Elizabeth.

For most of her girlhood Elizabeth lived in one of her father's smaller castles, at Hunsden, with only a governess to keep her company. Often she did not have sufficient clothing, and her living was decidedly poor. She was, however, an exceptionally bright girl.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

She profited by the fact that she lived away from the bustle of the court, since she used her leisure for study. Before she was seventeen she was a proficient scholar, being able to speak with fluency a number of foreign languages, and having acquired a large store of historic and literary information that was presently to help in making her one of the best-educated women in the history of English queens.

Queen Mary, while reigning, was jealous of this younger sister. At one time she even sought to get rid of her. She did have her imprisoned in the Tower of London, on the pretext of having found her involved in a plot to dethrone the queen. The evidence, however, was slight, and, after a short time, Elizabeth was released. She then retired to an estate at Woodstock, and once more read French and Spanish and dreamed probably of a day when she might inherit the kingdom.

Elizabeth was born in 1533. She was twenty-five years of age when she became queen. Though she was Protestant in her religion, she did not practice the kind of intolerance of which her sister Mary had been guilty. As a matter of fact, Elizabeth loved music and dancing; she was interested in literature and art; and she did not like war and the horrors that war brings. She was wise in a political sense, and very skilful as a diplomat. Under Elizabeth's guidance, England was raised to a pinnacle of prosperity such as she had never before known, and at no point in her history had there been such a wealth of real literature produced.

Elizabeth gathered around her a number of remarkable men. Among her close friends were Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake and the Earl of Leicester. She had many suitors, both at home and abroad, but she never married. There were times when she seemed to favor now this one or again that one; but though she half-promised to marry at different times, she finally dismissed all her admirers as possible husbands and remained single to her death.

Her love of progress did make her desire to reach out and learn new things. She permitted and encouraged the men of her court to go on exploring expeditions. The famous sea voyages of Drake were made while she was queen. Walter Raleigh sent out expeditions to establish the colony of Virginia. It was Raleigh who planted the potato found in America, in the garden on his Irish estate, and it was he who introduced the smoking of the tobacco leaf at court.

There is a pretty story told of Raleigh's first meeting with the queen. The young man had just come from the country to London. Elizabeth was making a state call. As she stepped from her carriage she found herself on the edge of a muddy spot in the road.

Raleigh, seeing her hesitate, pulled his richly embroidered cloak from his shoulder and spread it over the spot, thus affording the queen a dry place on which to cross. His graceful act pleased the queen, and she presented him with a diamond ring. She also attached him to her train, and he was soon a great favorite.

Later, however, Raleigh fell in love with one of the queen's ladies in waiting. When he signified his wish to marry her, Elizabeth was very angry. She did not wish to marry Raleigh herself, but she disliked having her admirers show attention to other women, and, with very little excuse, she had Raleigh sent to the Tower of London. He stayed there for six months; then Elizabeth freed him, though she would not have him at court.

The greatest enemies of England during Elizabeth's reign were the Spaniards. Queen Mary had been unhappily married to King Philip, of Spain. When Mary died, Philip felt that he had a claim on the English throne. He hated Elizabeth, and was determined to crush her. The Spaniards fitted out a great fleet and sent it against England. Elizabeth's wise handling of the situation, through her trusted courtiers, most of whom were sailors and soldiers, led to a meeting between the English and the Spaniards in the English Channel. The result was that the great Spanish Armada, as the fleet was called, was put to rout. After that the Spaniards let the English alone.

Elizabeth was much interested in the theatre, which was just coming to a high point of popularity at the time of her reign. She summoned William Shakespeare to play before her, and several of the Shakespearean plays were given in her presence. She signified herself well pleased, and bestowed more than a few honors on the company.

As Elizabeth grew older she became more and more vain. When an old woman she insisted on dressing like a young girl and would not tolerate a suggestion as to her real age. Her vanity often made her appear foolish, since she still wanted to dance when she was stiff with rheumatism. She had the idea that her personal beauty—as a matter of fact, Elizabeth was not even good-looking—was the reason for her success as a diplomat. The truth was that she had a fine brain and knew how to use it; but men, realizing that she was so vain, indulged her vanity and pretended to consider her beautiful.

Elizabeth's last illness was pathetic. She was old and feeble, and she had been disagreeable to most of her best friends. When she came to her deathbed she was practically alone in the world: there was really no one to feel a great deal of affection for her, and she died in deep misery.

THE CHILD'S TREASURE OF MYTHS

XII. NIOBE

IT is a very sad tale that is told of Niobe, who was a Queen of Thebes. Her husband, the king, was a son of Zeus, and Niobe was the mother of fourteen children—seven sons and seven daughters. Because of this she was exceedingly proud; for her seven daughters were all beautiful, and her seven sons were as brave and as gallant as a mother could hope for her sons to be. It seemed to Niobe that she had just cause for pride, and all might have been well had she not boasted so much of her children and compared them with those of a goddess.

As you know, many of the goddesses who lived on Mount Olympus were jealous of their sisters who lived on the earth. One of the proudest of them all was Latona, the mother of Apollo, god of the sun, and of Diana, goddess of the chase and of the moon.

Now, Niobe knew that Latona thought her son and daughter remarkable children. Therefore, she was unwise, to say the least, to attract the attention of the goddess to her own large and handsome family. This, however, was just what she did. She made it plain to everybody that she believed Latona poor in comparison with herself, because Latona had only one son and one daughter, while she, Niobe, had seven sons and seven daughters.

Latona paid no attention at first to Niobe's continual boasting. Then something happened that gave her cause for action.

Each year the people of Thebes held a great festival in honor of Latona and her children. Altars were set up and the crowd worshiped before them, bringing their gifts to the gods.

Niobe, with a crown of laurel leaves on her head, and wearing a gorgeous costume, came out to the festival. When she saw the people of her kingdom bowing to Latona, her thoughts became bitter. She permitted herself to speak thus to them:

"People of Thebes, how foolish you are! Here you worship Latona and her son and daughter, while right in your midst is a greater even than Latona. Am I not more queenly than the mother of Apollo? Have I not seven sons as handsome as the god of the silver bow? Have I not seven daughters as lovely as Diana the huntress? Why pray to the gods? Your own king and queen can do as much and more for you."

Her words had the desired effect on the people. They turned their thoughts away from the gods and shouted loudly for Niobe and her children.

NIOBE BECOMES A MOUNTAIN SPRING

Up on Olympus, Latona saw what was going on. She determined to punish Niobe. Her heart shut itself against all thoughts of kindness or gentleness, and she called Apollo and Diana to her.

"Go!" she commanded them. "Punish the proud Queen of Thebes as she deserves. She has tried to put shame upon me, and now will I be revenged!"

Both Apollo and his sister were angry when they realized what Niobe had done, and they hastened together to the city of Thebes.

All Thebes was gathered for the sports that were held during the festival. Among those who ran and wrestled, were the seven sons of Niobe. Handsomer than all others, and more skilled in the games, the seven princes were always victors. Apollo singled them out at once. The oldest son of Niobe was the first to fall from the arrow which the god let fly at him; a second brother followed immediately after. Two others of the princes were locked in each other's arms, wrestling; the god let an arrow fly which passed through both their bodies, pinning them together. The remaining three sons met with a similar fate in a few minutes.

Niobe was summoned out to see what had happened. Great was her grief! She knew that this was the punishment of Latona, and her heart was filled with hate. She made an even greater mistake than she had made in the first place. She gave way to her hatred for Latona, and she also expressed her contempt for the mother of the gods. "She has killed my sons," the grief-stricken queen cried; "but I have still seven lovely daughters! Try, O Latona! to match their beauty with that of thy only son and daughter."

Then Diana was filled with wrath. Even as her brother had shot down Niobe's seven sons, so she now sped her arrows, one by one, against Niobe's daughters. Six of them fell, and when it was the turn of the last and youngest, the poor queen, heart-broken and ready for repentance, begged for mercy. Diana, however, knew no mercy; with a laugh, she took the smallest girl even as she had taken the others.

The King of Thebes killed himself when he realized that his children were dead. As for Niobe, she sat with the bodies of her children, and for nine days never left off weeping. Even the gods were moved by her tears. At last it was decided to turn the bodies into stone and bury them. But what to do with the stricken mother they scarcely knew. Finally, they turned her to stone too, and a great tempest carried her up to a mountain-top. But even then her tears did not cease to flow, so that from her eyes came a spring of clear water, which flows on and on to symbolize her never-ending and undying grief.

AMERICAN HEROES

ULYSSES S. GRANT

INTO a small home in Point Pleasant, Ohio, on April 27, 1822, was born a little boy who proved to be, in days that followed, one of the nation's greatest men. This was Ulysses Grant. The elder Grant was a tanner, and earned just enough money to keep the family in a small, two-roomed cabin in this little Ohio village. When Ulysses was a year old the family moved to Georgetown, in the same State, and it was here that the boy grew up into manhood. He was an industrious little chap, for at seven years of age he hauled all the firewood that was used both in the tannery and in his home. When he was eleven he did farm work. His father owned a small farm, and Ulysses broke up the land, furrowed and plowed it, sowed the corn and potatoes, and brought in the crops at harvest, still attending at the same time to his earlier task of hauling wood.

Grant was a short, stocky boy, with brown hair, a round, freckled face, and very jolly gray-blue eyes. He was gentle and easy-going, disliking coarse talk and rough play, seeking rather the company of the more serious boys and girls. He loved animals and always had many pets, of which he took the best of care.

Owing to his son's great amount of energy and seeming cleverness, Mr. Grant decided to give Ulysses the best education he could, and sent him to the nearest school. At the age of fourteen, Ulysses left the Georgetown school and went to Maysville Seminary, in Kentucky. He did not wish to follow his father's business, and Mr. Grant, being a reasonable man, did not insist upon it. Instead, he asked if Ulysses would like to go to West Point, where education was free. The boy was delighted, and thereupon his father applied for an appointment. After it was received, Grant decided that he would rather not go, as he had no inclination toward soldiering, but his father finally persuaded him to try it.

Grant's first name was really Hiram, but because his initials spelt "hug," the boy objected, and when registering for West Point

he signed himself "U. H. Grant." A curious incident later changed the name still further. When his appointment was sent to a Representative in Ohio, that individual, knowing only that the first name was Ulysses, had so given it to the Secretary of War. When asked for the middle initial, he gave "S," because Mrs. Grant's maiden name had been Simpson. So, when Ulysses went to headquarters at West Point, he found that he was enlisted as "Ulysses S. Grant."

After serving his cadet term, Ulysses Grant was stationed with his company at St. Louis. Then came the Mexican War, in which the Fourth Infantry, to which he belonged, was summoned to the border.

Grant was now a brevet captain, and procured a leave of absence. During this time he married Miss Julia Dent. Then, for some reason, he left the army, much to the amazement of many. He seemed, after this, to have no especial calling. He failed in one thing after another, until he became a clerk in his brother's tannery.

When the Civil War broke out, Grant re-enlisted, and went to the State capital, but he did not seem to be wanted. Finally, however, he was given command of a regiment, in which the men soon learned that, despite his easy and quiet manner, he would be obeyed.

Grant gained a great victory at Fort Donelson, and when asked by the Confederate commander for the terms of surrender, he replied that nothing but an "unconditional surrender" would do. This gave him still another promotion. The greatest of all of Grant's victories was that at Vicksburg. This town was built on a ridge of high land which stood above the Mississippi, and was protected by a long line of forts along the S-shaped bend of the river. For two months Grant laid siege to Vicksburg, and, by means of a series of mines, compelled it to surrender.

Then came Chattanooga, another battle that brought him fame. Lincoln was so well pleased with Grant's success then that he made him commander of all the armies of the United States. It was due in large degree to Grant's generalship that Lee was forced to surrender at Appomattox Court House.

After Lincoln's death, the Presidential chair was for a time occupied by Johnson. Johnson was impeached by Congress, and when the next Presidential election fell due, Grant, somewhat against his personal wishes, became a candidate.

During the campaign he made little attempt to win the people. It was not necessary, for his modesty and greatness had already won many, and he was elected.

During his administration he succeeded in having several excellent measures adopted. "Civil Service" examinations became necessary for many appointments where political influence had before that time been used.

Attacks were made upon Grant by a few enemies, but for the most part he was extremely popular. He was renominated at the end of four years, and again elected.

After his term was over, Mr. and Mrs. Grant and one of their sons set sail for Europe. They went through all the countries and were greeted kindly everywhere. He lived quietly until 1885.

FAMOUS FAIRY TALES RETOLD

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

From "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments"

ALADDIN was the son of a poor tailor, in a wealthy province of China. As soon as he was old enough, the boy was taken into his father's workshop to learn the trade. Aladdin, however, had no desire to work, but wanted to play and run the streets. When he was still quite young, his father died; and since the idle fellow refused to help to support himself and his mother, the latter was forced to spin cotton to keep them in food.

One day, when he was almost fifteen, as Aladdin was playing with his companions, a stranger came by, who stopped and watched him. This man was a famous magician from Africa, who was looking for just such a lazy creature as Aladdin. Being quick at judging natures, he immediately saw what Aladdin was, but, in order to be quite sure, he inquired of the people nearby and learned who the boy was. Then he went up to Aladdin, took him by the shoulders, and said: "My good lad, art thou not the son of Mustophor, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin; "but my father is no longer living."

"Alas! what sad, sad news!" said the stranger. "I am thy uncle, the brother of thy father. For years I have wandered abroad, and now that I have returned with a hope of seeing him, I find him dead!" While he spoke, great tears ran down his cheeks. Then he pulled out several pieces of gold from his purse and handed them to the boy, saying: "Here, my lad; take these to thy mother, and tell her that to-night I will come to sup with her."

Aladdin ran in glee to his mother. "Have I an uncle, mother, who has been away for many years?" he asked. "No," replied his mother; "that thou hast not." The boy then gave her the gold and told his story. In amazement, the woman took the money and went out to market to buy provisions for supper. Not long after, the magician arrived at the humble home, and with him came a servant bringing all kinds of delicious fruits and sweets. For a long time he told them of his travels. Then he turned to the boy and asked him his name. Aladdin told him, and the magician then asked his business. At this Aladdin hung his head; but his mother answered: "My son is an idle fellow. His father tried to teach him his trade, but he preferred to play in the streets." The stranger turned to Aladdin, and said: "This will not do, my boy. You must employ your time profitably. How would you like me to take a shop and furnish it for you?" Aladdin was delighted with the suggestion.

"I will take you to-morrow and buy you handsome clothes, and then we will look up a shop," said the uncle.

Next day the man came, and the two went to the store, where Aladdin was given the very best suits and was then feasted grandly.

Early the next morning, Aladdin was up and was soon arrayed to meet his uncle. When he arrived they set out at once, for the magician said that he had many fine things to show his nephew. He took him through some beautiful gardens, with wonderful houses standing within them. Then at last they stopped to rest, and the stranger said: "I am going to strike a light, and do you now gather all the sticks you can find to build a fire."

When Aladdin returned, the light was made and the magician was throwing a perfume from his hand upon the fire. Then, as a cloud of smoke arose, he uttered a few strange words. At these, the ground shook and opened up. Here was seen a square stone, with a brass ring in the center. Aladdin was greatly frightened, and started to run, but the African struck him so violently that he trembled all over. "In the future, my boy, do as I say, and you will be safe. Beneath that stone is hidden a great treasure, which will make you richer than kings if you will but obey me."

Aladdin recovered from his fear and said: "Well, tell me what to do, and I will obey."—"Very well," replied the man; "take hold of this ring and lift up the stone." Aladdin quickly did so, and found that there was a small opening, at the bottom of which was a little door, with steps below. "Now," said the magician, "you must go to the bottom of these steps. There an open door leads into three great halls. In each of these, on both sides, you will see four bronze vases of great size, full of gold and silver. These you must not touch. Through all of these halls you must go, but be careful that your clothing does not brush against the walls, or you will die instantly. At the end of the last hall is a door through which you will enter a beautiful garden, filled with trees laden with wonderful fruit. Here you will see a path which will lead to the bottom of a flight of steps, above which is a terrace. Here also is a niche, and in it a lighted lamp. Take the lamp and turn out the light. Pour out the oil, and carry away the lamp in your bosom. If you desire any of the fruit, you may gather as much as you wish."

When he had finished, the magician took off a ring and gave it to his nephew. Aladdin jumped into the opening and began to carry out all the directions given him. He carefully walked through the halls, and, without stopping once, reached the niche and took out the lamp. On his way back, he picked great quantities of fruit. It was queer fruit—white pearls, sparkling diamonds, deep crimson rubies, and green emeralds.

At last he was at the bottom of the steps above which stood the magician. Aladdin called: "Help me up."—"Give me the lamp, first," said the magician; "for it will hinder you."—"No; it is all right. I will give it to you when I am out."

Despite the stranger's insistence, Aladdin refused to give up the lamp. The magician then became angry. He threw some perfume on the fire, uttered a few magic words, and the entrance to the cave was closed. Aladdin cried for help, but to no avail. For two days he remained there, without food or drink. Then suddenly, by accident, he touched the ring on his finger. Immediately a great spirit rose before him. "What dost thou wish? I am the slave of the owner of this ring, and, therefore, wait to obey thy command." So spoke the spirit, or genie. Aladdin then cried: "Take me out of this place." At once he found himself on the road home. Fainting with hunger, he reached his mother's door. She was overjoyed to see him, and gave him food. The next morning, when he awoke, Aladdin asked for more food, but his mother sadly replied: "My dear son, there is no food. I have, however, some cottons all spun which I will sell."

THE GENIE OF THE LAMP

"Never mind, mother," said Aladdin; "but hand me the lamp I brought last night. I will sell it."—"Here it is," said the good woman, and began at once to clean it. Suddenly a huge genie sprang up and cried: "What dost thou wish?" The mother was terrified, but Aladdin replied: "Bring me something to eat."

The genie disappeared, but soon returned with huge dishes of delicious food, after which he vanished. The food lasted them many days, and then Aladdin sold the beautiful silver dishes in which they had come.

One day Aladdin told his mother that he had decided to marry the daughter of the Sultan. "Poor boy," said she; "you are but a tailor's son, and have no riches to give the Sultan." However, Aladdin brought out his jewel box, consulted his mother as to how precious the stones were, and begged her to go to the Sultan and intercede for him. The mother went to the palace, and, in fear and trembling, laid her petition before the monarch. Then she showed him her fine jewels, and the Sultan was overwhelmed with their magnificence. He answered her: "I will indeed give my daughter to thy son, as soon as he sends me forty basins of gold, filled with these jewels and carried by forty slaves."

Discouraged, the mother returned home, but Aladdin only smiled when she told her story. After she had left him, he rubbed the lamp until the genie appeared. Aladdin told him what he wanted, and at once there stood before him forty slaves, each with a golden basin filled with jewels. Aladdin persuaded his mother to lead them to the Sultan. When the king saw all this splendor, he called out: "Bring me thy son, good woman, that I may welcome him!"

Aladdin, having ordered beautiful garments from the genie, now arrived upon a charger, accompanied by slaves. Then there was a great feast, and the Sultan promised Aladdin his daughter just as soon as he had time to have a palace built for her. The very next morning, when the Sultan arose, he beheld with amazement a magnificent palace standing close to his own. He sent for Aladdin and said: "Today thou shalt wed my daughter." So the two were married, and were quite happy for some time.

But the African magician heard about Aladdin's great wealth, and made up his mind to do evil to him. While Aladdin was out one day, a man went through the streets, crying: "Who will change old lamps for new?" He stood under the window of the princess. One of the slaves, remembering the old lamp in the room of her mistress, asked if she might not exchange it. Having obtained permission, she brought out the magic lamp. Of course, the man in the street was the magician. As soon as he got the lamp, he

rubbed it and commanded the genie to set the palace out in the wilds of Africa. When Aladdin returned, he was met with the bad tidings. The Sultan was angry, and ordered him to get the princess within forty days, or die.

Aladdin left the palace, but knew not where to go. By chance, he touched the ring on his finger, and the genie who appeared, said: "What wilt thou have?"—"Oh, genie!" cried Aladdin; "bring back my palace and my bride."—"That I cannot do," said the genie; "that is the service of the genie of the lamp."—"Then take me to it immediately," Aladdin cried. Instantly he stood before the palace, in a strange country, and there was the princess, grieving for him. Seeing him, she was about to reach down to him, but he silenced her and beckoned to her to let him in. When she did so, he said: "Where is the old lamp that I left in thy room?" The princess then told him about it, and how the tyrant, in whose power she was, always carried the lamp with him.

At last they decided that the princess should invite the magician to dine with her, and put a powder in his wine. The plan was carried out; and when the wine was brought in, the magician drank of it. At once he fell unconscious to the floor.

Aladdin, close by, seized the lamp and began rubbing it. Of course, he asked at once to have the palace replaced. So it was that the next morning Aladdin's palace stood in its accustomed place, and all were again happy.

LITTLE STORIES OF GREAT PEOPLE

XII. MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

WHILE Henry VIII was King of England, there was born in Scotland, in 1542, a little princess who was destined to have a sad and stormy life. At that time Scotland was an independent kingdom and James V was its king. When he heard that a girl-baby had been born to him he felt very badly. Already ill, he did not seem to make any effort to get better, and a few days after the birth of the Princess Mary he died.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

The very next year the baby was crowned queen by a Catholic cardinal, who took upon himself the duties of managing the kingdom for her.

Over in England, King Henry saw in the baby queen a chance to unite the English and Scotch kingdoms. He wanted to make a treaty that would marry Mary to his own son, who was later to become King Edward VI. The Scotch people did not wish this to happen, and therefore King Henry invaded Scotland with his army. After two attempts, however, to overcome the Scotch he gave it up;

and a little later Scotland made a treaty with France, which arranged for the marriage, after a while, of Queen Mary and the Dauphin, or crown prince.

In 1548 the girl-queen was sent to France to live. There she was educated, and passed gay and happy years at the court of Henry II. The result was that she grew up far more French than Scotch—a thing that her people never forgave in her.

At the age of sixteen Mary married the Dauphin, who was weak and sickly. A little more than a year after the marriage the Dauphin died. As a widow, then, Mary went back to Scotland, to become the real queen in her own kingdom.

At this time Mary was a very beautiful girl, and as charming in her ways as she was lovely of face. She was also clever, and was quite as capable of ruling wisely as was her cousin Elizabeth, now Queen of England.

It was, however, a very rebellious people over whom Mary had come back to rule. Scotland was torn by religious differences. John Knox, the great Protestant preacher, was most powerful in the kingdom, and he did not intend that the queen should turn her people back to Catholicism. Also, Knox thought, because Mary was gay and happy and loved life and pretty clothes, that she was wicked and frivolous as well. He preached against her and to her, but he could not convert her to his views.

The first serious mistake that Mary made was in trying to get Queen Elizabeth to name her as the heir to the throne of England. Mary maintained that if Elizabeth died without children, she was the next in the line of succession. Elizabeth, who was probably jealous of Mary's beauty, would not do this, and she let her feeling against Mary work harm to the Scottish queen. The truth was that Mary was much more lovable than Elizabeth, and had a great deal more of goodness and kindness in her heart.

The second mistake of which Mary was guilty came with her second marriage. There were many men who wished to marry her, but she chose one of the vainest and weakest of them all. He was Henry Darnley, and he wanted badly to be the acknowledged king of Scotland. Mary would not permit this, as she preferred to keep the reins of government in her own hands. She let her husband see that she had found out what a poor sort of man he was. At the same time, she showed that she liked very well the man who was her secretary, an Italian by the name of David Rizzio. Lord Darnley grew jealous of Rizzio, and one night, while they were all at supper in the queen's room, Rizzio was murdered. It was thought that Darnley had helped this to happen.

Then it was that Mary made her third mistake. There was in her court a man by the name of Bothwell, known as the Earl of Bothwell. He was a big, burly man, very strong in body and rather cruel in his type of mind. A year after Rizzio was killed, Lord Darnley was found murdered in a lonely place in the country. The Earl of Bothwell was suspected of having had something to do with the murder. In spite of this, Mary married Bothwell. The people in Scotland were very much shocked, but Mary and Bothwell paid no heed. They were happy for a short time; then Mary realized that she had married a brute, and trouble began.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, LED TO EXECUTION
From the painting by L. J. POTT

In 1566 a son had been born to Mary and Darnley. When the Scotch people rose up against the rule of their queen and her consort, Bothwell, they were ready to proclaim the little James as king. A battle between the queen's forces and the rebelling Scots took place in 1567, and Bothwell deserted Mary entirely when he saw the fight going against them. Mary was taken captive and imprisoned. In the end she was forced to sign away her throne in favor of her young son.

Mary escaped from her prison, and again gathered her forces together. A severe engagement took place in 1568, and the queen's men were badly worsted. Mary herself was forced to flee.

Then it was that she made the fourth and last great mistake of her life. She decided to go to England and take refuge with Queen Elizabeth. Of all people on earth, she was the least welcome at the court of the great English queen; for there were Catholic subjects in Elizabeth's kingdom who felt that Mary should have been their queen instead of Elizabeth. Naturally, Elizabeth looked upon Mary with distaste and even with fear. After much debating, Mary was made practically a prisoner and a trial was agreed upon. The trial was a mere farce, and Mary was convicted.

For nineteen years Mary remained a prisoner in England. In that time she was moved from place to place, and in every place where they put her she seemed able to make trouble. The truth was that, in her desperation, Mary was ready to plot with any one to get back her kingdom, and she was guilty of much that was unwise in her efforts to do this.

Elizabeth's advisers tried over and over again to get the Queen to consent to Mary's death. Partly because she feared her Catholic subjects, and partly because she may have had some reluctance to sign the death warrant of her own cousin, Elizabeth put off the evil day.

At last, however, a new and more daring plot than any before was brought to light. This time, Mary came to trial for her life, at Fotheringay Castle. Some say that the trial was fair; others contend that the Queen of the Scots was given no chance whatever. The Houses of Parliament asked for Mary's immediate execution. Again Elizabeth hesitated, but finally she gave in, and on February 8, 1587, Mary, very proud and very brave, laid down her head to receive the axe.

The world is divided in its estimate of the character of the Queen of the Scots. Many believe that she was grievously wronged. On the other hand, even her greatest admirers must admit that she did foolish things, and that she paid the price for her foolishness.

EDINBURGH CASTLE

THE JOLLY MONTH OF JUNE

IN the jolly month of June,
When the birds, with lively tune,
Make the echoes loud go ringing
Through the woods, where branches, swinging,
Bear their weight in gold of blossoms—
Oh! this is June—sweet June!

In the jolly month of June,
Where, in gardens, rose-trees soon
Will give their wealth in gorgeous flowers,
Making bright the fairies' bowers,
Rich in faint, delicious perfume;—
This is June—yes, fragrant June!

Then let the children gaily sing;
Their voices through the fields will ring.
Come, join with us in graceful dance,
While lambs do leap, and colts do prance—
Come, let's be jolly altogether,
In this warm, delightful weather;—
For it's June—it's lovely, lovely June!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00021171219